

OV I D
DE P O N T O.

Containing foure books
of E L E G I E S.

Written by him in *Tomos*, a
Citie of *Pontus*, in the foure
last yeares of his life, and so
dyed there in the
seaventh yeare of
his banishment from
R O M E.

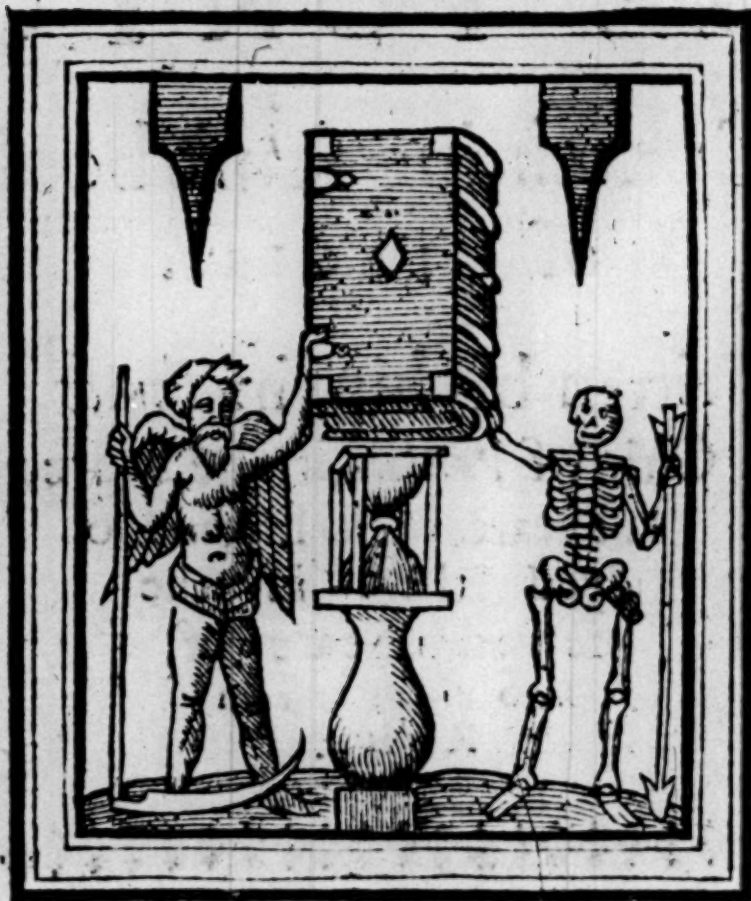
Translated by W. S.

Veniam pro laude peto—

Printed at London by T. Cotes, for Michael Sparke
Iunior, dwelling at the blue Bible in
Greene Arbor. 1639.

Study me in thy Primē

The Glasse doth Runne, and Time doth Go,



Death hath his End, I have not so.

Bury Death and weary Time.



To the Right Worshipfull
Sir John Suckling
Knight.

Sir,



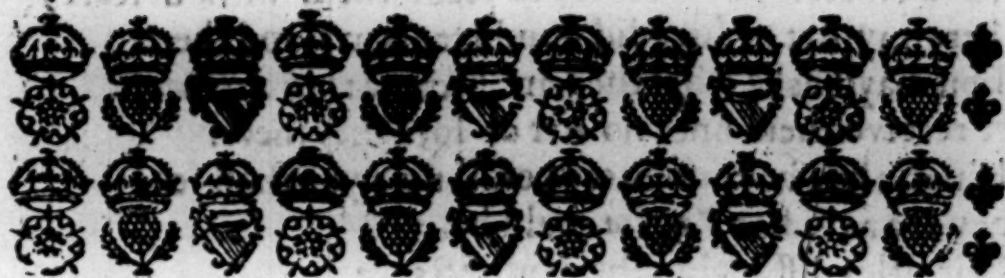
Vids youngest daughter drest
in blacke, and like a mcurner
drcwnd all in teares, doth
come to desire your fauour,
that since you have honoured the Muses
with a famous Poeme, you would expresse
your noble mind in defending her from the
censure of the world. She doth not mourne
like some dissembling heire in formall
blacke, but doth shew unfained grieffe for
Ovids sorrow: And though Vertue doth
not alwayes runne in a blood, yet I hope
shee

The Epistle Dedicatory.

shee will not disgrace him from whom she
did derive her birth, but rather merit that
my service in waiting on her to so noble a
Patron may be accepted, that while she is
entertained, I for her sake may be ac-
knowledged,

Thē servant of your
worthy vertues,

Wye Saltonstall.



OVID
DE PONTO.
LIB. I.

ELEGIE. I.
To Brutus.

N *Also that long hath liv'd in Tomos land,
Sends this work to thee from the Getick strand
To receive these bookes, friend Brutus take
some care,
And hide them in some place no matter where
Mongst other publicke workes they dare not come,
Least for their Authors sake they finde no roome,
Alasse, oft have I sayd you teach no ill,
Then goe, chaste verses doe finde some place still,
And yet they would not yeeld, but as you see
Within some private house would hidden be.*

De Ponto.

If thou wouldst know where to place them without feare;
Where my Art of love did stand let them stand there.
Thou mayst aske what they are because they are new?
Yet receive them since no Art of love they shew.
Though they have no mournfull title you shall see,
They are as sad as *Tristia* could be,
Their titles differ, but their subjects are
The same while every Elegie doth declare
His undissembled name to whom 'tis sent,
Though perhaps you are not therewithall content,
But you cannot prohibit me, for still
My muse will be officious 'gainst your will
Yet howsoever, see that you doe joyne
Vnto the other these last bookes of mine.
You neede not feare, *Antonius* workes are read,
And learned *Brutus* reades them without dread,
Though with such great names I doe not compare
Yet gainst the gods I never waged warre.
Lastly my bookes give *Cæsar* his due praise,
Though from my bookes he would receive no Bayes,
Receive my booke since they his prayse containe,
And take my verse though you blot out my name.
If the peacefull Olive bough makes warre cease,
And is the Embleme of ensuing pecae;
Then shall it not availe me that I sing,
The praises of, a happy peacefull King?
When *Æneas* bore his father, they doe say
The fire in mercy unto him gave way.
Then, since these present bookes of mine doe bring
One of *Æneas* glorious great off-spring
Should not the way to them lye open rather,
Since that great *Cæsar* is his Countries father.
Who will boldly from his doore drive him away
That with his hand doth on a Timbrell play,

And

Lib. I.

And when the Minstrell on his crooked horne
Doth play before *Diana*, none doe scorne
His musicke, but when they doe heare him sing,
Who gives not a small peece of coyne to him.
We know *Diana* no such charge did give,
But yet the Prophester needes must live.
The reverence of the gods doth moove us thus,
And it is good to be thus credulous.
But to no hollow *Phrygian* pipe I sing,
But the sacred names of the *Romane* nation bring:
Give place then to my bookes I thee desire
Not I but *Cæsars* name doth it require.
For though that I have felt the Princes wrath,
Our honouring of him some acceptance hath:
I have seene one that gainst *Isis* did commit
A fault, confest did at her Altar sit;
Another for like fault depriv'd of sight,
Cry'd out his punishment was just and right.
The heavenly gods do such confessions love,
That what their power is they may so approve.
They restore sight, and take off punishment,
When they perceive that sinners doe repent.
I repent if misery may be beleev'd,
I doe repent, and for my fact am griev'd.
My fault doth grieve me more than banishment,
And to deserve, than suffer punishment.
Though the gods and *Cæsar* should my fault remit,
They can't wipe out the offence I did commit.
Though death from punishment doe me free,
Death cannot make me no offender be.
Then tis no wonder if my minde tyr'd grow,
And doe dissolve like unto melting snow,
For as the hidden worme a ship doth eate,
And waves make hollow rockes on which they beat,

B a

As

De Ponto.

As rust eates Iron when it hath it rooke,
And paper-mothes doe feede upon a booke,
Even so cares doe feede upon my brow,
And sorrow which doe never give me rest,
Nor will they cease to sting me while I live,
My griefe is longer liv'd than I that greeve.
If the gods would beleeeve me, whose we are,
They'd send me some small helpe from this my care
And would remove me from cold Scythia,
I shall be impudent if for more I pray.

ELEGIE. II.

To Maximus.

Maximus, great by name and great by kind,
Who gracest thy birth by thy noble minde.
For when that thou into the world didst come,
As if they meant to give thy birthright roome,
Three hundred Fabii in one day did fall,
That fatall day tooke not away them all.
Perhaps thou wouldst know from whom this letters sent
Or else to know whose I am thou art bent.
What shall I doe? when thou my name hast red,
I feare thou wilt unwillingly proceede:
Yet if that any chance these lines to see,
I dare confesse that I writ them to thee,
And that my purpose therein was that I
Might so bewaile my owne sad misery,
And that I writ them to thee, I dare confesse,
To signifie to thee my owne distresse;

Who

Who though I doe confesse I worthy am
 Of more punishment, I cannot more sustaine,
 Dangers and enemies on each side come on me,
 As if with my Country, safety were took from me,
 Who that their wounded enemies may fall,
 Doe poyson their arrowes with the vipers gall.
 The horseman arm'd with these the walls beholds,
 Like a Wolfe that walkes round about Sheperolds.
 When with a string of horses guts compact,
 He bends his Bow, whose string is seldome slackt.
 A shoure of Arrowes from their Bowes doth flye,
 And the gate can scarce keepe out the enemye.
 The Countries barren without leafe or tree,
 And Winters joynd unto winters be.
 Five winters I have beene in this estate,
 Enduring cold, and striving with my fate,
 My griefe is in continuall teares exprest,
 And deadly dulnesse doth possesse my brest,
 Happie was *Niobe*, for although that she,
 The death of her children did behold and see,
 Yet being chang'd into a stone thereby
 She grew insensible of her misery.
 Happy are you, who weeping for your brother
 The Popler with his barke your face did cover,
 But I cannot be chang'd to any tree,
 And I doe within vaine a stone to be,
 Nay if that I *Medusa's* head should see,
Medusa's head could have no power on me
 Thus doe we live, still sensible of woe,
 And griefes by length of time more grievous grow.
 Thus *Titius* liver growes, that he thereby
 Instead of dying once, may often dye.
 But when rest and sleepe, which sorrowes medicines are,
 Doe come at night and ease me of my care,
 B 3 Then

De Ponto.

Then imitating Dreames false sorrowes shew,
Which when I wake my sorrowes doe renew.
Me thinkes I from the *Sarmatian* arrowes flye
Or that I am held in captivitie.
Or when some happier dreame doth me deceiue
I see my Country which I forc'd did leave:
Sometimes with you my friends, me thinkes I speake,
And sometimes to my wife my minde I breake.
When thus with false dreames I have pleased beene,
They make my present state farre worser seeme
Shaddowes of joy make sorrowes greater seeme.
And thus by day in misery I live,
And when the dewie night her Coach doth drive,
My brest even with continuall cares doth melt
As soft waxe when the fires heate hath felt,
I pray for death and doe unpray againe,
Least that *Sarmatia* should my bones containe.
When I thinke on *Cæsars* clemency I beleeve,
That unto me he will a pardon give.
But thinking on the constancie of my trouble,
My former hope doth faile and my feare double.
Yet this is all to which my hopes aspire
To be remov'd hence is all I desire,
This is a suite which you with modestie,
To obtaine in my behalfe may easily try.

ELEGIE. III:

To *Maximus*.

Maximus most eloquent in the Romane speech,
Defend my doubtfull cause I thee beseech,

Lib. I.

Tis bad, but will be good if thou it plead
 And with gentle words in my case intercede,
 For though *Cesar* all things knowes, he knowes not this,
 Of what condition this remote place is
 In government his thoughts employed are
 For his royall brest this is too meane a care,
 Or to enquire how *Tomos* land doth lye,
 Scarce knowne unto the *Getes* that live thereby.
 Nor knowes he what the *Sauromatians* doe,
 The *Lazygians*, or *Tauricans* fierce in shew,
 Or other Nations, who o're *Ister* ride,
 Where frozen ice doth all the River hide:
 The most of them, for thee *Rome* doe not care,
 Nor of the *Romane* Souldier stand in feare.
 Their Bowes and Quivers make them waxe stout.
 And their fleete horses sit abroad to scout.
 And because they thirst and hunger can endure,
 While their enemies no water can procure,
 Sure his mild anger had not sent me hither,
 If he had knowne this land or people either.
 He would not have any *Romane* to be,
 Captive unto a forraigne enemy,
 And I suppose that he much lesse would have
 Me taken captive, to whom life he gave.
 He did not seeke my death although he might,
 Without the *Getes* helpe have destroy'd me quite:
 But he found that death was not deserv'd by me,
 So that he was most mercifull to me;
 And what he did, I did compell him to
 And in his wrath much mildnesse he did shew;
 You Gods grant, mongst whom none can juster be
 Than *Cesar*, that none may greater be than he,
 And that after his long raigne it still may be,
 Govern'd by one of *Cesars* Progenie.

De Ponto.

And when thou findest his mercy is no lesse,
Then speake to him for me in great distresse,
Seeke no repeale from banishment, but that I
May live in banishment safe from the enemy.
That that life which *Cæsars* mercy did afford,
The *Gete* may not take from me by the sword.
But when at length I dye, I may dye in peace,
That the *Scythian* earth my bones may never presse
Nor the *Bissonian* Horse may tread upon,
The scattered ashes of a banisht man,
And that if the Spirit often death survive,
Mongst the *Sarmatian* ghosts I may not live.
O *Maximus* these matters may encline
Cæsars minde to pittie, if they first move thine;
O may thy words his royall minde once soften,
Which have defended guilty parties often,
And with the usuall sweetenesse of thy speech,
Cæsars most godlike majestie beseech,
Atreus nor *Theromedon* shalt thou intreate
Who gave their horses humane flesh to eate
But a Prince to punish slow, to reward free,
Grieving when he must needes more cruell be:
Who conquers, that he may the conquer'd spare
With quiet peace suppressing civill warre
By feare, not punishment he doth command,
And casts his thunder with an unwilling hand.
Beg of him to banish me to some place where
Vnto my Country I might live more neerer;
I'm he whose love to you hath beene exprest,
And on hollidayes have beene your frequent guest,
I am he, did *Hymen* to your wedding bring,
Whi'e at your marriage I did verses sing,
And thou wert wont to praise my bookes I am sure,
Excepting those my ruine did procure.

Lib. 1.

I am he, to whom thy writings thou didst read,
 Who out of thy family a wife did wed,
 Whom *Martia* did from her childhood love
 And for her chiefe companion did approve,
Cæsars grandmother did her much esteeme;
 She must be good that's loved by a *Queene*,
 But *Claudia* whose fame 'bove envie stood,
 Did want none of their praise to make her good.
 Besides my former life is free from spot,
 Though the last part of life must be forgot.
 But though I'm silent of my selfe and life,
 Yet you are bound to take care of my wife:
 She flies to you, your Altars she embraces,
 (All flye to their owne gods in distressed cases)
 And she entreating you with mournfull reares,
 That you would try with your most humble prayers.
 Great *Cæsars* wrath to appease and pacifie,
 That her husband neerer unto her might dyc.

ELEGIE. IIII.

To *Rufinus*.

Rufinus, *Naso* doth this letter send,
 If one in misery may be a friend:
 For in your comfort, my confused mind,
 Much helpe, and hope in misery did finde.
 As *Pæantius* by *Macbaonian* Art,
 Had his wound cured which before did smart;
 So I being sicke in minde, with wounds of griefe,
 Yet by your admonition found releefe.

And

De Ponto.

And by your words to life I was restor'd,
As vaines doe swell when wines into them por'd,
And yet your eloquence had not so great strength,
That your words could cure my griev'd mind at length,
For though you take some cares out of my brest
That which remaines will be as much at least,
A scarre in time may unto skinning come,
But greene wounds doe at first all handling shunne.
The Physitians cannot alwayes helpe impart,
Sometimesthe malady doth excede his Art;
You see how a little blood from the Lungs drawne,
Most certaine death doth still occasion.
Though *Epidaurius* sacred hearbes doe bring,
The wounded heart cannot be cur'd by him:
No Medicine can take away the knotty gout,
Nor can any Sovereigne waters worke it out:
So sometimes no Art can cure grieve and care
Till they by length of time outworne are.
For when thy words had well confirm'd my mind
Arm'd with that courage I in thee did find.
My Countries love above reason did prevaile,
And made the comfort of thy writings faile.
Call it affection, or a womanish part,
I confesse that wretched I have a soft heart.
Ulysses wisdome, cannot doubled be,
Yet he did wish his Countries smoake to see.
All thinke their native soyle to be most sweete,
And in absence they will remember it.
What more faire than *Rome*? while *Scythia* cold lyes,
Yet the Salvage from the City hither flies.
Thus *Pandion* daughters shut in a Cage of wire,
To returne unto the woods doe still desire.
Wild Bulls the Forrests where they haunt approve,
And the wild Lyons their usuall Dens doe love.

Lib. 1.

Yet your words cannot draw out of my brest
The sting of banishment that doth it molest.
Make your selves lesse belov'd of me, that I
May beare the want of your sweete company,
For I am banisht from my native Land
To an inhumane place of fates command;
In the farthest part of the world I abide,
Whereas continuall Snow the earth doth hide.
For here the barren and unfruitfull field,
No apples, nor sweete pleasant grapes doth yeeld,
No Osiers on the Rivers bankes are seene,
Nor Oakes upon the Mountaines doe looke greene,
Nor can you prayse the Sea more than the Land,
Whose gloomie waves swell at the windes command.
Wherefoere you looke untill'd fields you may see,
And vast grounds that to none belonging be.
The enemy on each hand doth abide,
And puts us in a fright on either side.
One side doth feele the strong *Bistonian* bowes,
On the other the *Sarmatian* arrowes throwes:
Goe, and some old example shew to me,
Of men that bravely bore adversitie:
Admire the valiant *Rutilus* who did scorne
To make use of a conditionall returne.
He in *Smyrna* not in *Pontus* then did live,
Smyrna a place which did much pleasure give
Sinopeus grieve for his Country was not great,
For he chose *Attica* to be his seat.
Neoclides who the *Persian* power did quell,
In a *Gracian* Cittie banished did dwell,
Aristides did to *Lacedemon* flye,
Which of his Country had no prioritie:
Patroclus having done a murder runne away,
From *Opus* and came to *Thessalia*.

He

De Ponto.

He that from *Amonia* was a banisht man,
Vnto the waters of *Pirenis* came;
And went Captaine of that ship which say'd to Greece,
To fetch from *Colchos* the rich golden fleece,
Cadmus from *Sidons* wals did come away,
That a better foundation he might lay.
And *Tydeus* banished from *Calidon*,
Vnto *Adraustus* did for succour come:
And *Carthage* which faire *Venus* still defended,
Receiv'd *Aeneas* and him much befriended.
What should I shew how the ancient Romanes sent
Their banisht men no farther than *Tiber* went,
Should I reckon all the banishment that were,
Yet from their Country none were sent so farre:
Then let your wisdome pardon my sad griefe,
If by your words it doe finde small releefe,
I confesse if that my griefes could be compos'd.
My wound of griefe had by your words beene clos'd.
But I feare you in vaine doe strive to cure me,
And that you can no helpe at all procure me.
I speake not this because I wiser am,
But more knowne to my selfe than the Physician;
How ever I your goodwill doe esteeme,
Which hath most acceptable to me beene.

ELEGIE. V.

To his Wife.

Now age upon my haire a whitenesse sprinckles,
And on my face hath plough'd up many wrinkles,
The

Lib. 1.

The vigor of my body now doth languish,
And all my strength doth turne to paine and anguish,
Those sports which pleased me when I was young,
Are most unpleasant unto me become.
Nor on a suddaine can you me scarce know,
Since I by age doe so much changed shew.
Yeares I confesse this change upon me drawes,
Yet grieve, and labour doe it also cause.
If my yeares be reckoned by my misery,
Than ancient *Nestor* I shall older be
You see that Oxen (through their strength abound)
Are worne out with ploughing stiffe clay ground.
And that ground which doth never fallow lye,
By bearing fruit doth barren waxe thereby,
The horse will be tyr'd out, and even fall downe,
That in the race continually doth runne.
The ship decayes that still at Sea doth lye,
If she be not moor'd within the docke to dry;
So length of troubles makes my strength decline,
And maketh me grow old before my time,
For rest doth feede the body and the mind;
But immoderate labour weares both out we finde:
Because that *Iason* hither sayl'd, you see
How he was praised by posterities;
But his labours lesser were than mine, though fain'd,
If great mens actions may be truly scan'd,
For he to *Pontus* was by *Pelias* sent,
Who in *Thessalia* held his government.
Cæsars wrath hurt me, whom all Lands every where,
From the rising, to the setting Sunne doe feare,
Amonia is to *Pontus* neerer farre,
Than *Rome* and the cold River *Ister* are,
So that his journey shorter was than mine.
Besides he had some chiefe *Græcians* at that time,
Who

De Ponto.

Who went along to beare him company,
But in my banishment all my friends left me,
We in a weake barke ploughing the Sea were,
But it was a stout Ship that did *Iason* beare.
Nor was *Typhis* our Pilot, or *Aminors* sonne,
To teach us how to steare, or what course runne.
Pallas and royall *Iuno* him protected,
But none of Heavens powers my ship directed.
And *Cupids* stolne pleasures he discerned
Which I doe wish from me he had learned,
He return'd home, we in these fields must dye,
If *Cæsars* wrath endure continually.
Therefore my troubles heavier doe appeare,
(Most constant wife) than those *Iason* did beare,
And though when I left the City thou wert young
I beleeve thou now with griefe art aged growne.
Yet I wish the gods would grant, I might thee see,
And kisse thee, though thy haire white changed be,
Embracing thy slender body, while I remember,
That grieft for me did make thee grow thus slender;
That I with teares might tell my griefes to thee,
While thou with teares didst hearken unto me,
Relating my past labours, while that I
Enjoyed thy unhop'd for company.
That to *Cæsar* and his Consort I might bring
Frankincense as a gratefull offering,
I wish that *Cæsars* wrath were so appeas'd,
That faire *Aurora* would but once be pleas'd
That she would bring this happy newes away;
Soone as her Rosy cheeke sends forth the day.

ELEGIE

ELEGIE. VI.

To Maximus.

Naso, that was esteemed in times past
 Amongst thy other friends not to be last.
 (*Maximus*) doth entreate thee now to reade
 These words which from his banisht Muse proceede,
 Looke not in them for former straines of wit,
 You know that they in banishment were writ.
 The body by idlenesse doth corrupt grow,
 And water corrupts that doth not move or flow.
 So if I had in verse a happy straine,
 For want of use I have lost it now againe,
 And *Maximus* if you will beleeeve me I
 These lines you read have writ unwillingly,
 My minde my present griefes cannot resist,
 My Muse among the *Getes* will not me assist.
 Yet to write some verses I doe strive you see,
 Though they as rugged as my fortunes bee.
 And I am asham'd when I have red them over,
 Because I in them so many faults discover.
 That in my judgement, who them first did frame,
 They doe deserve to be blotted out againe.
 Yet to mend them, then to write them is more paine,
 And my sicke mind no labour can sustaine.
 Shall I beginne to use an exacter line,
 To place with judgement every word of mine.
 He that would have my troubles worser grow,
 Makes the River *Lychus* into *Hebrus* flow.
 Or maketh the high Mountaine *Achos* add,
 Leaves to the *Alpes* of which they great store had.
 Therefore

De Ponto.

Therefore you ought a wounded minde to spare,
Oxen leave drawing when they gawled are.
If profit would requite paines undergone,
And if I should reape fruite from that I had sowne;
Yet reckon all my workes, no worke of mine
Hath brought any profit to me at any time,
And I doe wish since they no profit bring,
That they had never to me harmefull beene,
Doe you wonder why I write? even so doe I;
And with you admire what good I finde thereby.
Or is the peoples opinion confirm'd by me?
Who deny that Poets in their senses be.
Since I so oft deceiv'd with a barren field,
Doe sow seed in a ground doth nothing yeeld.
Yet in his owne study every one takes pleasure,
And in his Art delights to spend his leasure.
The wounded Fencer that sweares he will not fight,
Forgets his wounds, and in weapons doth delight.
The Shipwrackt man saies he the Seas will shunne,
Yet straight doth saile, where he before hath sworne.
Thus in a fruitlesse study I doe labour,
I forsake the Muses, and yet seeke their favour.
What shall I doe? I cannot idle bee,
Time spent in idlenesse, is like death to me.
In drinking too much wine, I take no pleasure,
Or in throwing flattering dice to spend my leasure.
When I have given my body so much rest
As it requires, so that it is refresht.
When I doe wake, how shall I then bestow
The time which seemeth to runne on so slow.
Shall I learne to bend according to their fashion,
The Sarmatian Bow, forgetting my owne Nation,
I have not strength in that Art to goe on,
My minde is, than my body farre more strong

Considering

Lib. I.

Considering what I should doe, you shall see,
These unprofitable Arts are best for me :
By them misfortune out of mind I keepe
It is enough if I this fruite doe reape,
Glory makes students, that their verse recited
May be approved, and of all be liked.
Its enough for me easie verse to frame,
Since ther's no cause to make me take more pain.
Why should I polish my lines with great care ?
That the *Getes* should not like them doe I feare ?
Though it may boldnesse seeme, yet boast I doe
Ister no better Wit than mine can shew
And while I live here, tis enough to gaine
Among inhumane *Getes* a Poets name.
For Fame in another world should I strive?
Rome is the place doth fame and fortune give,
My poore muse with this Theater is content
So I have deserved, so the gods are bent.
Nor doe I thinke my booke can thither goe,
Where the Northwind can hardly come to blow,
Our climates different are, for the cold Beare,
Which is farre from *Rome*, to the *Getes* is neere.
Through many Lands and Seas, I can't beleeve
My studies should passe, censure to receive.
If they were red, and did please which is strange,
Their Authors sorrowes would not thereby change.
What availes it, if thou in *Syene* please,
Or *Tabrobana* washt with Indian Seas ?
If Countries neere the *Pleiades* thee praise
Wilt thou goe on in hope, thy fame to raise ?
Since my best writings hardly thither come,
My fame with me was banished from *Rome*.
And now I doe conjecture and beleeve,
That to speake of my death you all doe leave,

C

Since

De Ponto.

Since unto you I then indeed was dead,
Men live not when their fame is buried.

ELEGIE. VII.

To Græcinus.

WHEN in a forraine Country thou heardst I had
Of my misfortune, was not thy heart sad ?
Græcinus, though thou fearest to confesse,
I know thou wert sad hearing my distresse ;
Such hardnesse with thy ingenuitie,
And with thy studies doth no lesse agree.
By witty Arts in which thou tak'st delight,
The minde is softened, rudenesse put to flight.
And none more studious of all Arts can be,
When the warres, and occasions suffer thee.
Truely when I perceiv'd my owne sad case
(For I was senselesse long, and in a maze)
Of this misfortune I had also sense
That thou who shouldst have beene my strong defence
Wer't absent, and my comfort gone with thee,
Who didst give courage, and counsell to me.
Now though farre of some helpe to me impart,
Speake words of comfort to my grieved heart.
Which (if you dare beleewe no lying friend)
By folly, not by wickednesse did offend.
'Twere tedious, and not safe for to touch heere
My faults beginning which doth touching feare.
Aske me not how those wounds have first made beene
Touch them not if that you would have them skinne.

Lib. I.

It was no vice, and yet a fault nere lesse,
Or are faults 'gainst the gods held wickednesse.
Therefore all hope hath not forsooke my mind,
I may at last (*Græcinus*) comfort finde.
This goddesse, when the rest from earth were flowne
Remained on the hated earth alone.
This makes the ditcher bound with fetters live,
And that his legges shall be free he doth beleeve.
This makes the Shipwrackt man begin to swim,
Then when no land at all by him is seene.
He that by the Physician hath beene left
Yet of all hope of life is not bereft.
The condemned prisoner hopes for life they say,
Some hanging on the Crosse for life doe pray.
This goddesse those would hang themselves doth stay
Not suffering them to make themselves away.
When I to end my grieve with a sword thought,
Shee chid me, and fast hold on me she caught.
What dost thou doe ? by teares, not blood saith she,
The wrath of a Prince may appeased be.
Though no hope doth to my deserts belong,
In *Cæsars* mercy still my hope is strong.
Intreate his favour *Græcinus*, and joyne
With me, in this petition of mine.
And that thou dost move him I understand
Else may I buried be in *Tomas* sand.
For sooner shall the gentle Doves beginne
To leave those Towers where they have lived in.
Wild beasts, and Cattle, and the quicke Divedapper,
Shall first leave their Dens, the grasse, and water,
Then *Græcinus* should forsake his old friend
My fate will not such a misfortune send.

De Ponto.

ELEGIE. VIII.

To Messalinus.

THIS Letter which you read, friend *Messaline*,
Health from the cruell *Getes* to you doth bring.
Does not the mention of the place shew whom
Was Authour of it, and whence it doth come.
Or dost not know that *Naso* writ the same
Vntill that you at length have read my name.
Which of your friends in banishment doth lye,
In farthest part of all the world but I?
And the gods grant that those who reverence show
And love to you this Country may not know.
Let us mongst Ice and *Scythian* arrowes live,
If we to death the name of life may give.
Either the earth with warre doth us oppresse
Or else the ayre with cold doth us distresse,
Or the fierce *Gete* with Armes doth us assaile,
Or else the winter sendeth stormes of hayle.
No grapes or apples in this Country be,
No part of it from enemies is free.
May your other friends in happinesse goe on,
Of which as of the people, I once was one.
Woes me, if that these words doe thee offend,
And that thou dost deny I was thy friend.
Pardon my lye, if that thy words be true,
My glory takes away no prayse from you.
Who doth not faine himselfe a friend to be
To *Caesar*, you shall *Caesar* be to me.
Yet I into your friendship have not broken,
Tis enough if the gates of love stand open,

Though

Lib. 1.

Though you will have nothing with me to doe
Permit me that I may salute thee too.
Your father did not deny me his friend,
But wished me my studdy to attend,
At whose death I wept, and writ Elegies
As my last gift to attend his obsequies.
I lov'd his brother too besides all this,
As stout *Atrides* did *Tindarides*.
Yet he scornd not my love nor company
If you thinke this did him no injury.
If not I will confesse that I doe lye;
Let me lose the love of his family.
Yet why should I lose it, since no power can
A friend from doing an offer restraine.
Though I could wish I could my fault deny,
All know it was free from impiety.
If my fault did not pardonable seeme,
Banishment too small punishment had beene;
But *Cesar* saw this, who doth all things see,
That my offence might folly called be.
He spar'd me for my offences quality,
And usd his flaming thunder moderately.
My life nor country he tooke not away,
If you by suite his anger could allay,
But yet my fall was great, for tis no wonder,
He should be wounded that's stricke with Loves thunder.
And though *Achilles* his slackned force restrained,
Pelias speare wounded deeply from his hand.
Since direfull judgement hath overtooke me so,
There's no cause why thy gate should not me know.
I frequented your house oft, I doe confesse,
But twas my fortune to doe so I guesse,
No other house of my love had such prooffe,
For I was alwayes underneath your rooffe.

De Ponto.

And your love did not on your selfe reflect,
But as a brother did your friend respect.
Besides, that then advanced to honour wert,
Thou mayest both thanke thy fortune and desert.
If I may wish what thou desir'st thy selfe,
That thou mayst give, not pay, aske the gods welth.
So thou dost, may I mention it to thee,
Thy goodnesse makes thee bountifull to be.
And therefore *Messaline* let me be plac'd
Amongst your other friends, though I be last.
And grieve that *Ovids* grieve, deserv'd doth seeme,
If not for's grieve, grieve he hath faulty beene.

ELEGIE. IX.

To Severus.

Severus, whom my Soule loves as it selfe,
Thy *Ovid* loved of thee doth wish thee health
Aske not how I doe, for if my griefes were
Reckon'd, they would enforce from thee a teare.
It is enough for thee that thou dost know,
The totall Summe of all my grieve and woe.
We live without peace, and in armes still are
The Quiver-bearing *Gete* still making warre.
Of so many banisht men, I onely am
At once a Souldier and a banisht man.
And that thou mayst my bookes with pardon take
I in my Armour did these verses make.
There stands a City upon *Isters* side,
By walls and situation Fortifide.

Ægyptus

Lib. 1.

Agyptus if that we may them beleeve,
 Did build it, and his name thereto did give.
 This the *Gere* tooke, th' *Odrysians* being slaine,
 And 'gainst the King did a fierce warre maintaine,
 Discent, and vallour caused him to raise
 An Army which he thither led straight wayes,
 Nor departed not, till on his slaughterd foes,
 He did revenge himselfe with bloody blowes.
 And mayst thou valiant King, even many a day
 The glorious Scepter of this Land still sway.
 And besides (what fuller wish can thee behove)
 May Martiall *Rome*, and *Cesar* thee approve.
 But to returne, O sweete companion I
 Complain the warres encreasd my misery.
 Since farre from you in *Scythia* I have beene
 The rising *Pleiades* have toure Autumnes seene.
 You will not beleeve *Ovid* thinkes upon
 The Cities pleasure, yet he thinkes thereon.
 Now sweete friends I remember you, and after
 I thinke upon my deare wife, and my daughter.
 And on the buildings in the City be,
 For in my fancy I doe all things see.
 The Courts, the houses, and Theaters lind
 With Marble, and the Porch it brings to minde.
 The fields, and gardens into minde it brings,
 The standing Lakes, the streames, and virgin Springs.
 Yet though I am depriv'd of Cities pleasure,
 I thinke I may in the Country spend my leasure,
 My minde doth not desire to view these fields,
 Or delights the Pelignian Country yeelds.
 Nor these gardens which upon the mountaines lay,
 By *Claudia's* house, nere the *Flaminian* way.
 Where I in gardning used to take some paine.
 And to water young plants held it for no shame.

De Ponto.

Some grafts I set, if living there doe stand,
Whose fruite must not be gathered by my hand.
Which pleasures having lost, I with that I
Might here though banisht practise husbandry.
Goates that doe climbe upon the rockes I would keepe;
Or leaning on my staffe, tend on my sheepe.
And that my minde with cares might not be broke,
My labouring Oxen I would daily yoke.
I would learne words the *Geticke* Oxen know,
With usuall threatnings making them on goc.
I'de hold the Plough, and heavily on it lye,
And to sow seede on furrowes I would try.
And with my long hooke I the fields would weede,
Or water my garden if that it did neede.
But how should I doe this? there onely be,
A wall and gate twixt us and the enemy.
But I am glad the fatall sisters did,
At thy birch spinne thee a more happy thread.
The fields, and shady Porch thou dost frequent,
Or the Court, where thou little time hast spent,
In *Appian* Coach thou dost the City leave,
While *Vmbria* and *Albana* thee receive,
Where you wish *Cesar* would be pleas'd againe,
And that your village might me entertaine.
O friend it is too much which you require,
Contract your wishes, moderate your desire.
Let me live in a Country from warres free,
This will take off part of my misery.

ELEGIE

Lib. I.

ELEGIE. X.

To Maximus.

OF *Celsus* death I in your Letter read,
Which made teares from my eyes straightway proceed.
And that which I did never thinke could be,
I read your Letter most unwillingly.
No harsher newes my eare did ever strike,
In *Pontus* may I never heare the like:
Me thinkes that I doe see him still surviving,
My love doth make me thinke he should be living.
I often thinke how merry he would be,
And performe serious matters faithfully.
Those times with sorrow to remembrance come,
And I doe wish my life had then beene done.
When that my house, whose ruine was not small,
Did suddainely upon my owne head fall,
Maximus, he when that the most did leave me,
Was not my fortunes friend, nor did deceive me.
At my living death, I saw him weepe,
As if his brothers funeral he did keepe.
His love was in his kind embraces showne,
And with my teares he mingled his owne.
O how oft said he that life I did scorne,
And kept my hands from doing my selfe harme?
How oft said he, the gods may pleased be,
Then live, and thinke that they may pardon thee.
But these words were the best, when he did say,
Thinke *Maximus* will helpe thee any way.
Maximus will endeavour, and will try,
If he great *Cæsars* wrath can mollifie:

And

De Ponto.

And with his brother if he at Court have grace,
To mediate some favour in thy case.
These words of his diminished the paine
Of life, then *Maximus* prove them not vaine.
And he swore he would come hither to me,
If you would give him leave and libertie.
For in like manner he did honour thee,
As thou dost reverence *Cæsars* Majestie.
Beleeve me, though you friends deserved many
He was as worthy a friend as you had any.
If not wealth, or the pedigree of name,
But wit, and honesty doe merit fame.
Then let me weepe for *Celsus* who is dead,
And weepe backe those teares which on me shed.
Let me write Elegies may his life containe,
That posterity may reade of *Celsus* name.
These from the *Getes* I can send thee this time,
And this is all that I can here call mine.
I can't embalme thy body, nor yet be
At thy hearse, who am a world off from thee,
Maximus, whom thou living didst adore,
Hath perform'd all those rites for thee before.
He in a worthy funerall hath exprest
His love, and pow'd sweete odours on thy brest,
And with his teares the oyntments soft hath made,
And in some ground hard by thy bones hath laide.
Since to his dead friends he thus kind will be,
Amongst the dead he may too reckon me.

Lib. I.

ELEGIE. XI.

To Flaccus.

BAnished *Ovid*, sends thee *Flaccus*, health,
If one can send, what he doth want himselfe:
For languishing and bitter cares at length
Have worne my body and decay'd my strength.
And yet I feele no paine, nor panting Feaver,
My pulse doth beate as well as it did ever.
But yet my taste is dull, I loath my meate,
And at due times I have no list to eate.
For if that *Ganimede* should give to me
Sweete Nectar and Ambrosia, which be
Banquets for Gods to feede on, and to drinke,
Their rellish could not please my taste I thinke;
Though they are pleasant and most savoury,
Yet in my stomacke they would heavy lye.
This truth to every one I dare not write.
Least I should seeme in misery to delight.
As if such were my fortunes and my state
That I in wantonnesse delight could take.
May he take such delight who ere he be
Who feares least *Cesars* wrath should milder be.
And that sleepe which doth a full body cherish,
Doth not at all the empty body nourish.
But as I wake my endlesse sorrowes wake,
And from the place fresh cause of grieve doe take.
So that my face by you could not be knowne,
And you would wonder how my colours gone.
My slender limbes but little blood containe
And than new waxe I am more pale and wan.

Excessive

De Ponto.

Excessive drinking wine doth not cause this,
Water you know my common drinke here is,
I am not pleaid with bankets. if I were,
Amongst the *Getes* theres no such plenty here.
And *Venus* pleasures doe not weaken me,
Those desires vanish in adversity.
The place, and water, causers of it be,
And sorrow which is present still with me.
You and your brother still my helpers were,
Or else my mind could not her sorrowes beare.
You are the Port to which my Barke doth drive,
That helpe which some deny unto me give,
Then helpe me still, for I shall neede helpe sure,
While *Caesars* anger against me doth endure.
Humbly beseech your gods his minde to bend
That so his wrath may lessen though not end.



OVID
DE PONTO.
LIB. II.

ELEGIE. I.

To Brutus.

TH E fame of *Cæsars* triumph higher stretches,
Whether the weary South scarcely reaches
I thought no good news could to *Scythia* come,
I hate the place now lesse than I have done.
At length my cares being vanisht out of sight,
Like moving clouds; I saw some glimpse of light,
So that my fortune I began to flatter,
Being glad to raise joy out of any matter.
Though *Cæsar* would not these joyes should chance to me
You must grant he would have them common be,
The gods that all men with a cheerefull mind
Might worship them, have festivals assign'd,
That they might lay aside, all grieve and sadnesse,
Instead thereof expressing holy gladnesse.

So

De Ponto.

So Ile enjoy this joy though he forbid,
Though it were madnesse to say that I did.
When Iove with fruitfull showers the field doth water,
The Corne and Cockle both grow by it after.
And I like an unfruitfull weede have felt
This showre of joy which did on me too melt,
And did from *Cesars* powerfull deedes distill
Whereby I am refresht against his will:
Thankes fame to thee, by whose helpe I have scene,
This triumph while I with the *Getes* have beene.
How infinite nations came of late to see
Their Captaines face, this (Fame) I learnt from thee.
Thou toldst me how that the Southwind did powre,
For many dayes together many a showre.
Yet on that day the Sunne did shine most cleere,
The day rejoyced and people that were there,
While that the Conquerour with a loud applause
Warlicke gifts upon worthy men bestowes,
And before he his royall robes put on,
His offerings at the Altar first were done,
Sacrificing to his Parents with respect,
Iustice in him her Temple doth erect.
Where he went, joy was in applauses shew'd,
And the streete blush'd with roses on them strew'd.
Then there were Pageants brought all silver'd o're,
That represented Townes he tooke before,
With counterfeiting walls being closd about,
And the besieged seemed to march out.
The Rivers, Mountaines, woods resembled were,
And their joyn'd battels were represented there.
And with their Sunburnt god, as Trophy yeelded,
The Romane Marketplace, was richly guilded.
And that so many Captaines chained were
By the necke, which chiefly maintain'd the warre.

The

Lib. 2.

The most of which had life and pardon granted,
Being the chiefe that in those warres commanded.
Then may not *Cæsars* wrath waxe milde towards me,
Who is so mercifull to his enemy ?
And Fame (*Germanians*) brought the newes to me,
That all the Townes are yeelded unto thee.
Their wals, munitiõ, nor their scituation;
Could not defend them against thy invasion :
Gods, give thee yeares, thy selfe the rest will give.
That so thy vertues may a long time live.
Thus I doe wish, and Poets Prophets be
The Gods my wishes seeme to ratifie.
And joyfull *Rome*, on plumed steede shall see
Thee after some brave noble victory,
In triumph riding to the *Tarpeian* Towre,
As may become so great a Conquerour.
Your triumph by your father shall be seene,
Ioying in you, as much as you in him.
To thee most vertuous and valiant, I
Thus much doe now foretell, and prophesie.
And if I live and doe my griefes abide,
Thy triumph then I will in verse describe.
If I with *Scythian* arrowes be not shot,
Nor the *Gete* with his sword my head of cut.
But if in my life time your wreath of Bayes
Be offer'd in the Temple to your prayse,
You will confesse it was twice truth that I,
Did at this time unto you prophesie.

E L E.

De Ponto.

ELEGIE. II:

To Messalinus.

O *Vid*, that from his youth did reverence thee,
And also all thy vertuous familye
That lives in banishment, distressed and poore,
Vpon the left side of the *Euxine* shore.
From the *Getes* (*Messaline*) hath thee health sent,
Which he in person usually did present.
Woes me, if thou dost blush to reade my name,
Doubting to reade the rest for feare of blame.
Reade them ; and banish not my lines with me,
My verse may lawfully in your City be.
I made not *Pelion* on *Ossa* stand
That I might touch the cleere starres with my hand.
Nor followd I *Enceladus*, that I
Should fight for him gainst *Cæsars* Majesty.
Nor as *Tydidēs* rash hand did attempt,
Gainst higher powers my sword I have not bent,
My fault is grievous, and yet just nere lesse,
It wrought my ruine by no wickednesse.
Vnwarie, fearefull I may called be,
These two names with my nature doe agree.
I confesse since I *Cæsar* did offend,
Thou justly mist my prayers slight hearing lend.
For such is thy love to the *Iulian* name,
Thou think'st thy selfe wrong'd if they wrong sustaine.
Yet if thou shouldst come arm'd, and vow to kill me,
Thy threatening with no feare at all could fill me.
The *Trojan* ship received in distresse,
The valiant *Grecian* *Athemenides*.

Lib. 2.

He that committeth sacriledge doth flye,
Vnto the Altar and is sav'd thereby.
And himselfe to Gods power doth commend :
Whom he before did formerly offend.
Some may say safety in this course can't be,
Yet my adversity makes it suite with me.
Let others safety to themselves procure
“ A miserable fortune is secure,
“ And doth not feare, that any bad successe,
“ Can bring him into any worse distresse.
He that relies on Fortune, all feare scornes,
And with his naked hands will graspe sharpe thornes,
The trembling fearefull bird being put into a fright
By the fierce Hawke, and tired in her flight,
With trembling wings will to the Faulkoner flye,
That so she may avoyde her enemy.
The hunted Deere into some house will runne,
That shee the following dogs may thereby shunne,
So gentle friend, let me in my distress,
Flying unto thee find most free access.
Though in a weake estate I come to thee,
Yet let not thy gate be shut against me.
In my behalfe see thou great *Cæsar* moove,
Whom thou dost reverence as much as Iove.
My cause is the embassage I command,
Though my case bad is, whatsoever nam'd.
For I now sicke, and even past hope growne,
Will be recovered by your selfe or none,
Now make use of the Princes love and grace,
To mediate some favour in my case :
Now use thy usuall shining eloquence,
Whereby the guilty have obtaind defence.
You have your fathers speech and fluent tongue,
And to you as his Heire they doe belong.

D

Yet

De Ponto.

Yet I doe not intreate thee to defend
My cause, it is not that which I intend.
For that parties case can never be maintaind,
That doth confesse he's guilty when arraign'd.
Yet see if that thou canst excuse my fault
Or not, which was by my owne error wrought.
For since my wound can of no cure admit
The safest course is not to handle it.
Be silent tongue, no more thou must unfold,
Let some things in oblivion be involv'd.
Speake to him, as if error did deceave me,
That I may enjoy life, which he did give me.
And when his visage pleasant seemes and cleave,
Which the whole Empire of the world doth feare.
For some safe place of banishment entreate,
That I may not be a prey unto the *Gete*.
The time to make suite is most fit and f. i. e,
Rome knowes that you in *Cæsars* favour are.
The season is faire, *Cæsars* in health,
And *Rome* doth flourish both in strength and wealth,
His Queene upon her Couch in health doth lye,
His sonne gaines his Empire in rich *Italy*.
Germanicus courage exceeds his yeares,
Like noble vigour in *Druſus* appeares.
His daughters in law, and his kindred deare,
And all his family in health now are.
Besides he hath triumphed now of late,
And brought *Dalmatia* to a quiet state.
And now *Illyria* thinketh it no scorne,
Casting away those armes which she had borne,
To prostrate humbly her most servile necke,
Beneath great *Cæsars* feete even at his becke.
Who with a sweete and mild aspect beside,
In his triumphant Chariot did ride.

And

Lib. 2.

And on his brow which shined with bright rayes,
He wore a greene wreath of *Phebean* Bayes,
Attended with his royall Progeny,
Who on each side did him accompany.
Like those brothers, the next Temple doth enfold,
Which *Iulians* house in prospect doth behold.
To them *Meſſalinus* in publicke shew,
Of joy, gave the first place as it was due.
Men strove for the next place as zealous love
To *Cæsar* did their true affections move.
In this contention of affection he
Would to no other subject second be.
For he before did reverence this day,
On which his vertue should receive due pay.
While to expresse desert, his head and hayre,
With a greene wreath of Bayes encircled were,
Happy are they that did this triumph see,
The Emperour riding thus in Majesty.
But I instead of seeing *Cæsars* face,
Behold the *Sawonarians* in this place.
A land wherein there is continuall warre.
While all the waters with cold frozen are.
Yet if thou hearest now my present mone,
And that the voyce of my griefe to thee come.
Then use thy power with *Cæsar* and thy grace
Perswade him to remoove me from this place.
Thy father was lov'd from my youth by me,
And his ghost seemeth to crave this of thee.
Thy brother desires it, though he doth feare,
Thou shouldst hurt thy selfe, taking of me care.
Thy kindred aske it, nor canst thou deny,
That I was once one of thy family.
And thou my ill employ'd wit didst approve,
Excepting when I writ the Art of Love.

De Ponto.

And if so be my last fault be not nam'd,
Thy family by my life cann't be sham'd,
So may thy house still flourishing appeare,
May gods and *Cesar* have of thee a care.
His gentle Majesty offended pray,
That I may be remov'd from *Scythia*,
I know tis hard, but vertue still is bent,
The hardest matters alwayes to attempt,
Besides the greater thy deservings be,
The greater thanks thou dost deserve from me.
Of *Ætnean Polyphemus* in his Cave,
Nor of *Antiphates* shalt favour crave.
But of a Prince whose pardon is prepar'd,
By whose thunders men are not hurt but scard.
Who to make sad decrees is discontent,
Grieving when others suffer punishment.
Yet my fault hath his mercy overcome,
And urg'd his wrath to doe what he hath done,
And since I so farre from my Country am,
I cannot kneele to *Cesar* and complaine.
Be thou my Priest and unto *Cesar* pray,
And let thy owne words to my words make way.
In such sort that they may not him displease,
Pardon me if Shipwrackt I feare the Seas.

ELEGIE. III.

To *Maximus*.

Maximus, like in vertues to thy name,
Whose wit doth thy nobility not shame.

Whom

Lib. 2.

Whom to my latest houre I revered,
(For now what differ I from those are dead?)
Thou leav'st not thy friend in adversity,
Which in this age a miracle may be.
Tis true, though base, the people still are friends
For their owne profit, and their private ends:
Their first care is what may expedient be,
Preferring profit before honestie.
And as our present fortunes rise or fall,
So doth their faith and friendship therewithall,
To finde one among thousands it is hard
Who thinks that vertue doth it selfe reward.
The beauty of good actions cannot move them,
Vnlesse they profit bring, they doe not love them.
And they are very sorry that the rate is
Of a right honest man, to doe good gratis.
That which brings profit, that is onely deare,
And if no hope of profit should appeare,
None of the people would desire a friend,
For it is profit which they doe attend,
While every one doth love his private gaine,
And on his fingers casteth up the same.
Thus friendship once a venerable name,
Like a whore prostitutes it selfe for gaine;
Therefore I wonder thou hast constant tarry'd,
And with this common streame hast not beene carry'd.
He's stor'd with friends that's in prosperity,
If fortune frowne, then friends away will flye.
For I had many friends, while gentle gales
Of prosperous fortune breathed in my sales;
But when winds of troubles once to rise began,
Like a ship cleft at Sea they left me than:
And when some would not know me, two or three
Of you in my distresse did succour me.

De Ponto.

Amongst whom you did chiefly me relieve,
And unto others didst example give.
For no respect that might thy love envite,
“ But thou in doing good didst take delight.
“ Shewing that vertue needes not to be hir’d,
“ But for her owne sake is to be desir’d.
“ And that she cares not for the companie,
“ Of those externall goods which fading bee.
Thou scorn’dst to leave thy friend in misery,
Or to forsake him in adversity.
It is better to hold thy friend by the chin;
Then to thrust his head downe while he doth swim.
Acides dead friend unto him was deare,
And my life doth a kind of death appeare.
When *Perithous* to *Stygian* waters went,
Theseus to goe with him was content.
Phocus lov’d *Orestes* being mad,
My fault in it a kind of madnesse had,
Then as those men for friendship praised be,
So strive to helpe your friend in miserie.
If I know you, if you are still the same
If you your former courage doe retaine,
The more that fortunes cruelty doth persist,
The more you doe her violence resist.
And as tis fit thou take it care that she,
Shall never have the power to conquer thee.
Her fighting with thee teacheth thee the slight,
Toward her blowes, and how with her to fight.
So I by bearing fortunes enmity,
Thereby learne to resist my enemy,
But thou most rare young man dost scorne to be,
Fickle as fortune in inconstancy,
Or to be at that goddesses command,
Who on a rowling wheele doth alwaies stand.

For

Lib. 2.

For you are friends and will not from me slip,
But guide the sayle of my poore broken ship,
Which is so weather beaten, that some thinke,
Vnlesse you doe support her shee will sinke.
Thy wrath at first, was just and milde like thee,
Who justly wert offended then with me.
And when I had grieved *Cesar* thou didst sweare,
Thou wert so griev'd, as if it thy griefe were.
But when my fault, occasion thou hadst heard,
Then thou didst grieve, because I had so er'd,
And in thy Letters thou didst comfort me,
With hope that *Cesars* wrath appeald might be.
Our constant, friendship moved thee therein.
Which did as soone as thou wert borne begin.
Because that others made a friend of thee,
But thou wert borne to be a friend to me.
And I did kisse thee in thy Infancy,
While thou didst smiling in thy cradle lye,
Since from my youth you have beene lov'd by me,
My troubling you must pleade antiquity.
Your father (eloquent in Romane speech,
And in nobility of birth as rich)
Made me my verses unto fame commit,
Being the first encourager of my wit.
Yet not because I lov'd thee above all other,
Doe I strive to be esteemed as thy brother.
My love preferd thee so, that I made thee
My refuge still in my adversity.
We parted last, as *Italy* can tell,
While upon thee teares from my sad eyes fell.
When asking me, if my fault were the same,
Which thou hadst heard abroad by evill fame.
I was doubtfull to confesse, or to deny,
Vntill my blushes did my guilt descry.

De Ponto.

Then as Snow melts which the Southwind doth soften
So downe my cheekes the teares did trickle often,
Which mov'd your pittie, because that you thought,
That this offence of mine was my first fault.
And therefore of your old friend care hast tooke,
And in adversity on his wounds dost looke,
For which, if wishes their effect might take,
I then would wish a thousand for your sake.
But that my wishes your desire suite may,
For *Cæsars* health and your mothers I pray.
I remember you prayed to the gods for that,
And with Frankincense made their Altars fat.

ELEGIE. IV.

To *Atticus*.

REceive my Letters from the *Ister* cold,
Atticus, whom most constant I doe hold.
Art thou still mindfull of thy haplesse friend,
Or doth thy love now languish in the end?
My fortunes are not so averse to me,
As to procure forgetfulnesse in thee.
Thy Figure still before my eyes doth glance,
Me thinkes that I doe see thy countenance;
And then I doe remember presently
Serious discourses betweene thee and I,
With all those happy houres which we have spent
In pleasant jesting, and in merriment.
Oft in discourse we past the houres away,
And oft our conference did outlast the day.

To

Lib. 2.

To bring my verses to you, I did use,
And you did passe your judgement on my Muse,
For that which was commended once by you,
I did thinke worthy of the peoples view.
Whose praise I did esteeme of more then gaine,
It was the sweete reward of my fresh paines,
And with a friendly hand thou didst correct,
My bookes, all those faults thou didst detect.
Both in the Court, Porch, and Theater we,
And in the streete would both together be.
Lastly, deare friend we in our mutuall love,
Æacides and *Aclorides* did prove.
If thou shouldst drinke the River *Lethes* water,
I thinke thou couldst not forget this hereafter.
Summers dayes than winters shall shorter be,
And Summer nights with winter nights agree,
Nor *Babylon* shall be hot, nor *Pontus* cold,
Caliba's Rose, shall 'fore *Pæstum* be extold,
Before thou canst forget our former love,
My fates cannot so blacke and dismall prove.
But yet beware it be not said that I,
Had too much confidence and credulity;
And it without trouble if you may defend,
Most constantly your true and ancient friend.

ELEGIE. V:

To Solanus.

*O*vid doth *Solanus* these verses send,
But first he wishes health to you his friend.

And

De Ponto.

And doth desire his wishes may succcede,
That you in health deare friend my lines may reade:
Your Candor, a faire vertue now decayd,
Is the cause I for your sake thus have pray'd.
For though, wit's you I small acquaintance had,
You for my sudden banishment were fid.
And when you read my verses that were sent
From *Pontus*, you to favour them were bent,
That *Cesars* wrath might not last thou didst wish,
Which if he knew he would not hinder this.
These prayers did with thy gentle mind agree,
Which are not lesse acceptable to me.
But deare friend, if thou wouldst know my misery,
The nature of this place will then move thee.
Trust me, thou canst not finde all the world ore,
A Country that with warre is troubled more.
These verses which I in the warres did frame,
Thou readst, and having read dost like the same:
My wit although it flow with a poore vaine,
Thou dost applaud, and likest of my straine;
Though like a River it a course doth take,
Yet thou of it, a mighty streame dost make.
And these thy free applauses I doe find,
Doe yeeld much sweete contentment to my mind,
Since those who are in misery scarce write,
To please themselves, or yeeld themselves delight.
Yet while that I on meaner subjects writ,
My subject then could not excede my wit.
But hearing *Cesars* triumph now of late,
When I attempted a worke of that waight.
The gravity of the matter quite outwent
My strength, which could not such a worke attempt.
Yet the will ayiming high doth merit praise,
Weake matters have no power themselves to raise.

Then

Lib. 2.

Then if this booke unto yours hands doth come,
I charge you to give it protection.
Which I know you would doe though not entreated,
And with light thanks you shall be now requited.
No praise,deserve I but thy brest I know
Is whiter than milke,or untrodden snow:
Thou admir'st others when thy owne selfe art,
Admirable for thy eloquence and Art.
The Prince that from *Germany* name doth take
In studdy doth thee his companion make :
His young yeares and his elder thou dost fit,
Thy manners being equall to thy wit.
And he doth take delight to heare thee speake,
While thou in thy owne words his mind dost breake.
When you leave off,there's generall silence then,
But when they have a while thus silent beene,
Royall *Germanicus* from his seate doth rise,
Like the bright morning-starre in Easterne skies.
When they are silent,he stands up in stare,
Whose mild and learned aspect then doth make
Much expectation,and much hope affords,
To heare his eloquent and learned words.
Then he without delay doth silence breake,
And you would sweare,he like the gods doth speake.
His speech is such as a great Princes should be,
His eloquence being full of Majesty.
Whom though you please,and are raisd to this hight,
Reade what a banisht Poet here doth write.
For betweene wits,there will still concord be,
And those that love one study doe agree.
Clownes doe love clownes,and Souldiers men of warre,
The Shipmaster doth love the Mariner:
Thou lovest Poetry,and dost study it,
And being witty favorest my wit.

Though

De Ponto.

Though you the *Thyrus*, I the bayes doe beare,
Poeticke flame doth in us both appeare.
Your eloquence is stronger then my lines,
And in my verse your eloquence so shines.
And since my verse on your study doth confine,
You doe defend my verses at this time.
For which I pray, that thou mayest be esteemd,
And lov'd of *Cæsar* unto thy lives end;
And of him that shall next the Empire sway,
For which let all the people with me pray.

ELEGIE. VI.

To *Græcinus*.

O *Uld Græcinus* from the *Euxine* shore,
Salutes in verse, in person heretofore.
Letters in banishment are my voyce and tongue,
And if I might not write, I should be dumbe.
Thou dost reprove my fault, and sorry art,
That I am not punisht unto my desert.
Reproofes are true, but too late nerethelesse,
Then chide not him, that guilty doth confesse:
For I by the *Ceraunian* rockes had come,
You might admonish me those rockes to shunne.
Now being shipwrackt what am I availd?
If you tell me where my ship should have saild:
Rathertake hold of me, as I doe swimme,
And with your hand hold up my sinking chinne,
You doe, and therefore may your mother and wife,
And brethren be healthfull all their life.

And

Lib. 2.

And since to pray with minde and voyce you love,
May all the *Cæsars* all thy deedes approve.
Twere base if thou shouldst not in some kinde be
Helpfull to thy old friend in misery,
Twere base if thou thy foote shouldst now pull backe,
Or now my ship in her distresse forsake,
Tis base to follow fortune, and deny,
A friend cause hee's not in prosperity;
Strophius and *Agamemnon's* sonnes you know,
Nor *Theseus* and *Perithous* liv'd not so.
Whom former ages revered, and shall be
Admir'd by following posterity,
While whole Theaters did aloud resound,
With the applauses which their friendship found.
Thou in adversity dost thy friend preserve,
Therefore a name amongst them dost deserve.
Deserving praise too for thy piety,
For which I will preserve thy memory.
Trust me, if my verse shall immortall be,
You shall be mention'd by posterity.
Yet let your love, *Græcinus* faithfull be,
And constant to me in adversity.
Which although you already doe performe,
To spurre a horse that runnes can be no harme.

ELEGIE. VII.

To Atticus;

MY Letter to salute thee first is bent,
Which, *Atticus*, from the fierce *Getes* is sent

Next

De Ponto.

Next what you doe, it doth desire to know,
And if you thinke on me, whatsoere you doe.
I doubt not but you doe, but often feare,
Makes me afraid when no cause doth appeare.
Yet pardon feares, which too much on me sease,
The Shipwrackt man's afraid of the calme Seas,
The fish that by the Angler hath beene strooke,
Feares food, lest it should prove a baited hooke.
The Lambe too from the Shepherds dogge doth runne,
Fearing the wolfe, and doth his keeper shunne.
A wound doth feare the touch though soft and light,
And a vaine shaddow troubled winds doth fright,
So I once shot with Fortunes unkind arrow,
My heart doth thinke on nothing now but sorrow,
I finde the fates will keepe their course begunne,
And in their wonted way will alwayes runne,
No serving of the gods sure can make me
Fortunate, nor can Fortune flatter'd be,
For tis her onely care to overthrow me,
And in wantonnesse some mischief doe me,
Trust me, if there be any truth in me,
My griefes and sorrowes cannot reckon'd be.
You may first count *Cinyphia's* eares of corne,
Or how much sweete thyme *Hybla* doth adorne,
How many birds cut the ayre with their wing,
How many fishes through the Sea doe swim;
Before thou canst all my griefes understand,
Which I have suffered both by Sea and land.
No people than the *Getes* more cruell be,
Yet they have pittied my misery;
Which if I should describe to thee in verse,
An *Iliad* of my griefes I should rehearse.
Yet feare I not thou wilt inconstant prove,
Having had many pledges of thy love,

Lib. 2.

But since that misery feares everything,
And joy from me long time hath banisht beene;
My sorrowes are into a custome growne,
As water drops oft falling make a stone
Hollow, so Fortune doth me so oft wound,
That no place for a new stroke can be found.
Nor is the plough by often use more worne,
The Appian way by bending wheelles more rorne;
Than is my breast with length of misery,
Yet I have nothing found that could helpe me.
Some by the liberall Arts have gotten fame,
But by my gifts destruction I did gaine.
My former life was blamelesse, without spot,
Yet this in misery avayl'd me not.
Great faults are pardon'd, when that friends entreate.
But none at all in my behalfe would speake.
Troubles befall some when they present be,
But I was absent when they fell on me.
Though *Cæsars* wrath not crush where it is bent?
Reproch was added to my punishment.
The time doth often lighten banishment,
But in the winter I to Sea was sent,
And Ships oft find the winter calme enough,
Vlyses ship found not the Sea more rough.
Faithfull companions might some comfort be,
But I was robbed by my company.
For the place of Exile, no land doth lye
Vnder both Poles so full of misery.
Tis comfort to our Country to be neere.
I'me in the farthest part of the world heere,
By *Cæsars* power, banisht men protected are,
But *Pontus* still is troubled with fierce warre.
To spend the time in ploughing of the field,
Is a delight which doth some pleasure yeeld,

But

De Ponto.

But the fierce enemy lying neere us, will
Not suffer us to plough the ground or till.
The mind and body love a temperate aire,
Sarmatian faces with cold frozen are.
To drinke sweete water doth the pallate please;
Our water is salt like that in the Seas.
Though all things faile, my minde doth overcome,
And that is it which makes my body strong.
To beare a burthen you must strive withall,
But if you bend or yeeld, then you will fall.
And my hope that the Princes wrath may be,
Appeas'd, doth make me live, and comforts me.
And you no small comfort to me doe yeeld,
Whose faith I in my troubles have beheld.
Proceede as you have now begunne I pray,
Leave not a Ship in the midst of the Sea.
Me and your judgement you shall so preserve,
Which judg'd that I your friendship did deserve.

ELEGIE. VIII.

To Cotta.

THE *Cæsars* Pictures that like the gods be,
Which, *Cotta*, you sent were deliver'd me.
And that your gift might more acceptance find,
Livia's there was with the *Cæsars* joyn'd.
These silver peeces are than gold more blest,
Whereon the *Cæsars* figures are exprest.
You could have given no greater wealth to me,
Then Pictures wherein I three gods see.

Lib. 2.

To see the gods in Picture comforts me;
To speake as twere unto their Majesty;
Me thinkes remote lands doe not me containe;
But I returned in the City am.
I doe see *Cæsars* face as I did before,
Though I scarce have hope to see him more;
And as before I salute his Majesty,
If I returned I could not happier be.
What doe not we behold but the Pallace?
Whereto great *Cæsars* presence giveth grace:
Beholding him, me thinkes I *Rome* doe see,
His face presents his Empire unto me.
Dreame I? or doth his Picture still appeare,
To threaten, as with me he angry were?
O spare me then, whose vertues doe exceede
And in thy just revenge doe not proceede.
Spare me young Prince the glory of our time,
Whose nature doth to Sovereignty encline:
By thy land to thee than thy selfe more deare,
By the gods who doe alwayes heare thy prayer;
And by your Consort, who was found to be
Fit onely to match with your Majesty.
And by thy Sonne, so like in vertues growne,
That to be thine he may be thereby knowne.
And by all your other kindred who be,
By your command advanc'd to high degree.
Abate my punishment and grant that I
May live farre from the *Syrian* enemy.
And you that next unto great *Cæsar* are,
Be not averse unto my humble prayer,
So may subdued *Germany* soone be,
Carry'd in solemne triumph before thee.
So may thy Father live to *Nestors* yeares
And thy old mother untill she appeares

De Ponto.

A *Cumean Sybil*, and mayst thou long
Be unto both of them a happy Sonne.
And you his royall Queene be pleas'd to grant
The humble prayers of a poore suppliant.
So may your husband and your progeny
Live in health and your royall family.
So may *Drusus* onely of your off-spring dye,
Being snatcht from you by fate in *Germany*.
So may thy Sonne on his white horse soone be,
The revenger of his brothers destiny.
Ye gentle powers grant this my searefull prayer,
Helpe me since you by picture present are.
I take delight your countenance to see,
Since three gods in one house enclused be.
Happy are they who in your presence doe,
Your Majesties an I not your picture view.
Which since my haplesse fate to me envyes,
I adore the pictures of your Majesties.
Thus men did know the gods in the skies hid,
And for great *love, loves* Image honour did.
Let not your Images which shall still reside
With me, here in this hatefull place abide.
My head shall sooner be cut from my necke,
My eyes be dig'd out and lye on my cheeke;
Then I want the pictures of your Majesty,
In banishment they shall my comfort be.
For you I would embrace, if by the stout
Arm'd *Getes* I were encompass'd round about:
And following the *Romane Eagles* I
Will follow the pictures of your Majesty.
But my desires are to deceive me bear,
Or there is hope of milder banishment.
The Pictures aspects doe more mild appeare,
And seeme as if they granted my desire:

And

Lib. 2.

And may my fearefull mind the truth presage,
That *Cæsars* wrath, although just, may assuage.

ELEGIE. IX.

To *Cotys*.

Cotys, who art of a royall Progenie,
Fetching from *Eumolpus* thy Pedigree.
If Fame have brought the newes unto your eare,
That in a Country neere you I live here.
Then heare my humble speech gentle young man,
And helpe a banisht man, since that yoh can.
Fortune deliverd me to thee, (nor I
Complaine) she was not then my ene my.
On thy shore to receive me shipwrackt please,
Let not thy land be unsafer than Seas.
To helpe the distrest is a royall thing,
And such great men as you are doth besee me.
This becomes your fortune, which though it be
Great, is not like your minds nobility.
For power can never better be exprest,
Than when it heares and grants a just request.
Thy great descent requireth this of thee,
This worke suites thy divine nobility.
Eumolpus whence thy famous descent is
And *Erichthonius* perswade thee to this.
In this you are like gods, both of you grant,
After some suite helpe to your suppliant.
Why should we honour gods with wonted care
But that the gods to helpe us ready are?

De Ponto.

If *Jupiter* would not heare prayers at all,
Should sacrifices in his Temple fall ?
If Seas in passage have not quiet beene,
Why unto *Neptune* should I vaine gifts bring ?
If *Ceres* doe the Ploughmans hope deceive,
Why should she inwards of a Sow receive ?
The Goate on *Bacchus* altar is not laid,
Vnlesse much wine that Vintage hath beene made.
We wish that *Caesar* may the Empire raigne,
So long as he well governeth the same.
Thus honour's given both to gods and men,
For helpe, and profit that's receiv'd from them.
Then *Corys* helpe me who in thy land lye,
And be thou like thy noble Progeny,
For one to helpe another in misery,
Is a duty belongs to humanity.
Besides there is no better way to gaine
By any other Art favour or fame.
Antiphates or *Lestrigon* who doth love,
Alcinous bounty who doth not approve ?
Cassandrus, nor *Caphareus* thy father is,
Nor yet the cruell Tyran *Phalaris*.
He's fierce in warres, and not to be withstood,
So peace once made he nere desireth blood.
Besides the liberall Arts being studdied often
Expell all rudenesse, and the minde doe soften.
In which no other King hath thee outwent
Or in those gentle studdies more time spent,
Thy verses witnesse it, which thy name shoves,
A *Thracian* young man happily did compose:
Or else some *Orpheus* that doth here abide ;
In thy wit the *Bistonian* land takes pride.
As on occasion thou thy armes canst take
And a fierce slaughter on the enemy make.

Or

Lib. 2.

Or sometime with thy strong arme sling thy dart,
Or as in iiding thou most cunning art.
So having studied Arts of Soveraigntie,
When matters in thy kingdome quiet be:
Least you in sloth should seeme then to delight,
Your Muse, unto the starres doth take her flight:
This of our league may some occasion be,
Because we both, doe honour Poesie.
A Poet prays a Poet, with heav'd up hands
To live, though exild safely in your lands.
For when that I did into *Pontus* come,
By poyson mixt I had no murder done.
And no false tables forged by me were
Which did with counterfeited scales appeare.
Nor did I any thing which lawes forbid,
Yet I confesse that I a worse fault did.
If you aske what, the Art of Love I writ,
My guilty hand did this offence commit.
Tother offence doe not desire to know,
Vnder my Art of Love it must hid goe.
But yet the Iudge did moderate his wrath,
And unto exile onely sent me hath:
And though farre from my Country let me be,
Safe in this hated place, since neere to thee.

ELEGIE. X.

To *Macer*.

*M**acer*, thou maist know that thy *Ovid* writ
This Letter to thee, by the scale on it.

De Ponto.

Or if the Seale doe not the Authour shew
Dost thou know that my hand this Letter drew?
Or hath length of time made thee both forget
That thy eyes know them not, before thee set?
Though hand and seale should both forgotten be,
You forgot not the care you had of me.
Which for our old acquaintance you should show,
Or because my wife was a friend to you,
Or for our studies, which you did use
And by no Art of love did them abuse.
That which immortal *Homer* left undone
Of *Trojan* warres was by thy one muse sung.
But unwise *Ovid*, while he did impart
The Art of Love, was punisht for his Art.
Yet Poets doe amongst themselves agree,
Though every one in writing different be.
We have amongst us all one common Bayes,
Though all of us doe follow severall wayes.
Of me though absent you will mindfull be,
And willingly helpe me in my misery.
The Citties faire of *Asia* I have seene
And *Trinacris* while you my guide have beene:
We saw the Heavens shine with *Aetnean* flame,
Which from the Giants mouth beneath it came.
Aetnean Lakes, and *Palicus* pooles not sweete,
And where *Anapus* doth *Cyane* meete.
Not farre of that Spring, which while it doth shunne
The River *Elis*, under ground doth runne.
Here I did spend a great part of the yeare,
How unlike this place *Geticke* lands appeare!
How many other places did we see,
Whilst you made the way pleasant unto me?
Both while our Ship cut the waves with his Keele,
Or the Coach carry'd us with nimble wheele.

Lib. 2.

Oft our discourse did make the way to seeme
Short, while our words more than our steps have beene:
Oft our discourse was longer than the day,
While our discourse past Sommers dayes away.
Of perils at Sea we have beene afraid
And to the gods have both together pray'd:
We acted both together, and againe
Told others jests, which to tell was no shame.
If you remember this, though I should be,
Here all my life time, yet you might me see.
Vnder the North Pole of the world I am,
Which doth above the Sea one point maintaine.
Yet in my minde I doe thee still behold
And talke with thee under the Pole so cold.
Famous friend thou art here unknowne to thee,
Though absent, thou art present here with me.
Me thinkes I see thee here among the *Getes*,
Come from the *City*, love workes these conceites.
In *Lieu* whereof since those lands happier be,
Have me there alwayes in your memory.

ELEGIE. XI.

To Rufus.

Ovid by whom the Art of Love was pend
These lines in hast doth to thee *Rufus* send
That though we the whole world asunder be:
Yet thou maist know I doe remember thee.
For I shall sooner sure my name forget,
Then thy love shall out of my minde be beat,

De Ponto.

And I shall sooner render up my spirit,
Then I shall be unthankfull to your merit :
Your merit was your teares, which did bedew
Your face, when mine with sorrow still dry grew.
Your merit was, that comfort to my mind
Which you did giue, and both of us did find.
My wife deserves praise for her owne conditions,
Yet she growes better by your admonitions.
I am glad you will my wifes counsellour be,
As Hector to Iulus, Castor to Hermione.
She strives to be like you in what is good,
And by her life seemes to be of your blood.
And what she would doe without provocation,
She does more fully by your faire perswasion.
The swift horse that within the race doth runne,
Will run more swiftly if he be spurd on.
Besides in absence thou performst my will,
And for my sake refusest no paines still.
Because we cannot, may the gods thanke thee,
Who doe reward those good deeds which they see.
And may thy vertues with long life be crown'd,
Rufus the glory of the Fundane ground.

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DE PONTO.
LIB. III.

ELEGIE. I.

To his Wife.



Sea on which young *Iason* first did row,
O Land, nere wanting enemies and snow.
When wil the time come *Ouid* shal you leave
While some quieter place doth him receive?
Must I still live where barbarisme abounds?
Must I be buried here in *Tomos* grounds?
With favour I speake it, if there may be,
Any peace or favour *Portus*, within thee
With favour thou dost make my banishment
So grievous, and my sufferings dost augment.
Thou dost not see the garland-crownd haymaker,
Nor dost behold the thin cloath'd sweating reaper.
Autumne doth yeeld no ripened grapes to thee,
But all thy seasons extreame cold still be.

Thou

De Ponto.

Thou freeſt up the Seas, that fiſh have beene
O't frozen in the waves while they did ſwimme.
Thou haſt no ſprings, but of ſalt brackiſh water,
Which doe not quench thirſt, but encrease it rather.
A few poore wither'd trees in the fields grow,
And the land like the barren Sea doth ſhow.
No birds doe ſing their ſweete and pleaſant notes,
But Vultures croake out of their hollow throates
When flying hither from ſome remote wood,
They come to quench their thirſt in the ſalt flood.
Sad wormewood growes here in the empty field,
Which bitter harveſt like the place doth yeeld.
Beſides aſſaults of enemies we feare,
Whoſe arrowes dipt in deadly poyſon are.
Beſides this Country farre remote doth lye,
And none by land or ſea can come ſafely.
Wonder not then if I deſire to be
Sent to ſome place that yeelds leſſe miſery
But wonder (wiſe) that theſe things doe not make
Thee weepe, and to ſhed teares even for my ſake.
If you aſke what you ſhould ſeeke, ſeeke ſome favour,
You ſhall finde it, if you doe it endeavour.
Wiſh, and deſire that you may it obtaine,
And breake your ſleepe with thinking on the ſame.
Many wiſh it, for who ſo unjuſt is
That reſleſſe baniſhment doth to me wiſh?
It becomes you with all ſtrength to endeavour
Continually to worke for me ſome favour.
For thou wiſe ſhouldeſt exceede another friend,
And firſt of all ſhouldeſt helpe to me extend.
For to my bookes thou ſhouldeſt conforme thy life,
Which call thee the example of a wiſe.
Doe not degenerate but let me ſee,
That I the truth of thee did prophesie,

And

Lib. 3.

And see that thou dost take heede to maintaine
Thy former glory, and well gotten fame,
Though I complaine not, fame will accuse thee,
Vnlesse as thou oughtst, thou takst care of me.
Fortune exposd me to the peoples view
And made me knowne to more than ere I knew.
Capaneus strooke with thunder was more knowne,
And *Amphiarans* when his horse sunke downe
Into the earth, *V.ysses* was throughout
The world knowne, by wandring about,
And *Philoctetes* by his wound did gaine
A generall knowledge, and much glorious fame,
I meane men with such great ones may ranck'd be,
My ruine giveth glory unto me.
Besides you know my bookes have raisd your fame,
Equall in honour unto *Battu* name.
The world shall view the actions of thy life,
And approve thee to be a loyall wife.
He that thy praises doth in my verse read,
May aske if they from merit doe proceed,
Since many will thy vertuous life commend,
So some thy actions will soone reprehend.
Prevent their envy that they may not say
That thou to helpe thy husband didst delay.
And though I faile to draw the yoke with thee
Of marriage, yet be still a wife to me.
Being sicke my Physician I doe looke,
Stay with me, till all life hath mee forlooke.
And since thou art in health, shew unto me
That love, which I in health would shew to thee.
Our marriage love doth this of thee require,
Thy nature wife, doth thee with love inspire:
Your house requires this of you whence you came
Whose honest credit you should still maintaine.

For

De Ponto.

For unlesse you be a praise-worthy wife,
None will thinke, that you honourd *Martia's* life :
Nor am I unworthy, if youle confesse
The truth, or altogether meritleffe;
For which thou largely hast requited me,
So that Fame if she would cannot hurt thee.
Encrease thy former good deedes by addition
Of helping me, let this be thy ambition.
Entreate that in some quiet Country I
May live, and this thy love shall testifie.
My suite is great, yet can no harme procure
If granted not repulse I can endure.
Be not slender, that my verse moves you
To performe that which I doe know you doe,
The Trumpeter doth valiant men excite,
And the Captaine doth encourage men to fight.
That you, are honest Time doth testifie,
Let vertue equallize your honesty.
The *Amazonian* axe thou needst not take,
Or beare in hand a Buckler for my sake ;
Onely entreate great *Cesar* he would be,
Though not pleas'd, yet lesse angry with me.
And let thy teares for mercy intercede,
For they will *Cesar* move while thou dost pleade.
Thy husbands misery will afford thee plenty
Of teares, an I never let thy eyes be empty.
My troubles will yeeld matter to bewayle
My fortune, so that teares can never faile :
If with thy death thou couldst redeeme my life,
Then thou wouldst follow *Admetus* deare wife.
And thou like to *Penelope* wouldst cheate
Thy urgent suiters with a chaste deceite,
Laodamia would teach thee to dye ,
With thy husband and to beare him company.

Thou

Lib. 3.

Thou wouldst thinke upon *Iphias* and desire,
To throw thy selfe into a funerall fire.
Thy death or a spunne web. I doe not need,
But that to *Cæsars* wife thou intercede,
Whose vertues excell, least antiquity
Should exceede our age for praised chastity.
Who *Iuno*s stoole, and *Venus* beauty had
Which made her worthy of the royall bed.
Why dost thou tremble, or her presence feare?
Thou shalt speake to no wicked Progne there.
Nor *Agamemnons* wife, *Ægists* daughter,
Nor *Scylla* that barks in *Sicilian* water.
Nor *Telegonus* mother changing shapes,
Nor *Medusa* with haire full of curled snakes,
But a Princeesse, who made fortune to find
Eyes, and is falsely accusd to be blind.
Who next to *Cæsar* is most famous growne,
Even from the rising to the setting Sunne.
Then chuse a time, that for suite fit may be,
Least thou faile wanting opportunity.
The Oracles have not at all times spoken,
Nor doe the Temples at all times stand open.
When Citties state is happy, as 'tis now
So that no grieffe contracts the peoples brow.
When that *Augustus* house, and Progeny,
(Which like the Capitoll ador'd should be.)
Doth flourish in height of prosperity,
As now it doth and may it still so be.
Then take a happy opportunity,
When thou dost thinke thy words shall powerfull be,
If he be busie then thy suite deferre,
Least rashnesse should destroy my hopes beware,
And yet againe I doe not bid thee goe,
To him when he hath no affaires to doe.

Since

De Ponto.

Since he hath hardly leasure to put on
Those royall robes which unto him belong,
When with the ancient Senators he doth sit
In the Court, then to goe to him 'tis fit:
When thou comm'st before *Iuno's* Majesty,
Looke you remember then to speake for me.
Defend not my offence, for it is best
That an ill cause in silence be suppress.
And therefore in thy speech take onely care
To pleade for me by earnest suite and prayer:
Then presently thou mayest shed teares and weepe
And prostrate thy selfe at their royall feete.
Aske, that from the foe I may remov'd be:
Fortune hath beene a foe enough to me.
More I-could say, but thou with feare dismayd,
Wilt scarcely speake even that which I have said
And yet this feare cannot endamage thee:
It will shewe that thou dost dread her Majesty.
Nor can it hurt, if teares thy speech of breake,
For sometimes teares as much as words doe speake.
And on a prosperous day thy first suite make
In an houre may be fit, and fortunate.
But first to the gods holy Altar bring
Wine and sweete incense for an offering.
Let *Augustus* above all adored be,
With his Consort, and royall Progeny.
May they their wonted graciousnesse still keepe,
And pittie thee, when they doe see thee weepe.

Lib. 3.]

ELEGIE. II.

To Cotta.

Cotta, I wish the health that's sent from me,
As it is truly sent, may come to thee.
For to my sorrowes thou dost yeeld releefe,
And dost take off a good part of my griefe.
While others leave me, and away doe slip,
Thou art an Anchor to my torne ship,
Thy love is gratefull, and we pardon them,
That left me, since my fortunes chang'd have beene.
When one is thunderstrooke, all that are neere
To him was strooke, are strooke with suddaine feare:
Or when a wall is ready downe to come,
All from that place for feare of it doe runne.
Who doth not shunne the sicke with circumspection,
Fearing least he from them should draw infection?
So some of my friends that too fearefull were,
Forsooke me not for hatred, but for feare.
Nor love in them was wanting or good will,
But the offended gods they feared still.
They may be called circumspect and wary,
But yet not wicked, although they were chary.
Thus I excuse my friends in curtesie,
That towards me they might not faulty be,
And with my pardon let them be content,
That so they may be from all blame exempt.
You better friends are not asham'd to be
Helpefull unto me in adversity.
The memory of your merit cannot fade
Till my consum'd body be ashes made.

Nay

De Pontio.

Nay it shall survive me when I am dead,
If by posterity I shall be read.
For though our bodies in the grave must lye,
Yet Fame and honour live eternally :
Theseus and *Orestes* both were slaine,
Yet they still live by their praiseworthy fame.
And you shall be praisd by succeeding times
Your love shall be most famous by my lines.
The *Sauromates* and *Getes*, doe know your love,
And barbarous people doe of it approve.
For when I of your love to them made mention,
(Speaking the *Geticke* and *Sarmatian* tongue)
By chance an old man there in company,
Did in this following manner answer me.
The name of friendship (stranger) we have knowne,
Although our Country be farre from your owne;
A place in *Scythia* is *Taurus* nam'd.
Which is not farre of from the *Geticke* land.
Of this my birth place, I am not asham'd,
Diana is much honored in this Land,
Her Temple built on Pillars doth remaine,
To which by foureteene rising steps they came :
Her Image here (as Fame sayes) was contaynd,
The Basis of the Image still doth stand:
The Altar which was builded of white stone,
Lookes red wyth blood that hath beene shed thereon.
The noblest Virgin, *Scythia* can shew,
Performes those sacred rites which are due :
A stranger then (as those times did ordaine)
By the Virgins for a sacrifice is slaine.
Thus these kingdoms had well knowne all o're,
The *Euxine* Seas, and the *Maoticke* shore,
In his raigne, one came hither as they say,
Flying, who was call'd *Iphigenia*.

Whom

Lib. 3.

Whom the light winds, did carry through the ayre,
Till *Phebe* (they beleeve) set her downe here,
Many yeares she this Temple did command
And sacrificed with an unwilling hand.
When two young men did in a Ship come hither,
And both did land upon the shore together:
Equall in love and yeares, the one of these
Orestes was, the other *Pylades*.

Their names for friendship which they did maintaine,
To one another, are cry'd up by fame.
Vnto *Diana's* cruell Altar straight,
With their hands bound behind them they were brought,
The Priestesse sprinkled them with holy water,
Covering her yellow haire, with a vaile after:
And while she doth the sacrifice prepare,
And with a fillet bindeth up her haire
While she doth seeke occasion any way,
To lengthen out the time with slow delay.
It is not I that cruell am said she,
And therefore young men pray you pardon me;
But to performe these rites it is my case
Which are more barbarous than his salvage place.
It is the custome of this nation,
Whence are you from what City did you come?
Or whether was your haplesse ship then bound,
When you did first arrive upon this ground?
This said, when as the Virgin heard them name
Their Land, she knew they from her City came.
One of you must be sacrific'd, said she,
But tother may returne home presently,
Pylades that was ready to dye there,
Bid *Orestes* goe home whom he lov'd deare,
But brave *Orestes* to goe did deny,
And both of them contended which should dye:

F

Thus

De Ponto.

This onely made them both to disagree,
Who still had liv'd in peacefull amity.
While these brave young men, did in love contend,
Vnto her brother she a letter pend:
Giving it one of them, it came to passe,
(Marke how it fortun'd) he her brother was:
Which knowne, *Diana's* Image they tooke away,
Out of the Temple, and so saild away.
The young mens love, though many yeares agoe,
Yet through all *Scythia* is famous growne.
When the old man had this old fable told,
They all did praise their love, and courage bold,
So that even heere, in these most salvage parts,
The name of friendship, moves their hard hearts.
What ought you then to doe, being borne in *Rome*?
When such deedes moove the *Getes* compassion.
Besides thy gentle mind and manners be,
The Cognisance of thy Nobility.
Such as the name of *Volscus* doe become,
And such as *Numa* neede not shame to owne.
Of the name of *Cotta*, thy house can't be
Asham'd, who dost uphold thy family.
Worthy man, thinke that it doth well agree
With Verrue, to helpe friends in misery.

ELEGIE. III.

To *Maximus*.

IF thou hast time to bestow on thy friend,
Maximus, chiefe of *Fabius* attend

while

Lib. 3.

While I relate to thee what I have seene,
Either it was a true shape, or a dreame.
The Moone upon my window shin'd one night,
As she in the midst of the moneth shines bright.
Sleepe that doth ease all cares, had me possesse
While I lay on my bed, and tooke my rest.
A paire of wings a noyse in the aire did make,
And the glasse windowes did a little shake.
I frighted, rais'd my selfe up in my bed,
On my left elbow, sleepe away soone fled,
When Love with sad lookes, did before me stand,
Bearing a Maple Scepter in his hand:
No Chaine on's necke, no Coronet on his haire,
His lockes not comb'd, as heretofore they were.
His haire hung o're his face, and it did seeme,
The feathers of his wings had ruffled beene,
Such as upon the airy Doves backe stand,
When she hath handled beene, by many a hand.
When I knew him (whom I so well had knowne)
To speake to him in this sort I begunne;
Oh boy, that hast thy Masters exile wrought,
Whom I had better never to have taught;
Why dost thou hither come where there's no peace,
But barbarous *Isters* water still doth freeze?
Thou didst dictate to me my youthfull rhymes
And mad'st me to write Elegiacke Lines.
Thou wouldst not have me rise by *Homers* verse,
While I great Captaines actions did rehearse.
Perhaps thy bow and Torch did spoyle my wir,
For I had some, and they did weaken it.
For while I of thee, and thy mother sung,
My mind no greater worke did thinke upon.
And besides this, I did in verse discover
The Art of Love, unto the ignorant Lover.

De Ponto.

For which I am now banisht to a place
That's farre remote, and where there is no peace.
Eumolpm was not such to *Orpheus*,
Nor *Olympus* to *Phrygian Satyrus*.
Chiron not so by *Achilles* hurt was,
And *Numa* did not hurt *Pythagoras*.
Instead of reckoning names were long agoe
I by my Scholler perished alone.
While I arm'd thee, and taught thee wanton shifts,
Thou didst reward thy master with such gifts,
Yet thou dost know, and thou maist safely sweare,
No married folkes by me instructed were.
I writ to those who doe not bind their haire,
With achaste fillet, nor a long robe weare.
When did I teach how wives should be beguil'd?
While they scarce know by whom they are with child.
Yet what availes this, if they thinke I did
Write, the Art of Adultery forbid.
So may thy arrowes hit the marke aright,
So may thy blazing torch never want Light,
So may great *Cesar* o're this Empire raigne,
Who is thy cozen, and from *Aeneas* came.
If thou his anger dost so farre appease,
That to remove me hence, he would but please;
Me thought I spoke thus to the winged Lad,
And from him this same following answer had.
By my arrowes, and the blazing Torch I beare
By my mother, and by *Cesar's* head I sweare,
That none but lawfull rules thou hast me taught,
And in thy Art of Love there was no fault.
And I doe know thou maist defend the same,
But for another fault thou art to blame.
For though I will not thy sad grieve renew,
That was the chiefest fault that thou didst doe.

Although

Lib. 3.

Although an error thou wouldst have it thought,
 Thy punishment was not like to thy fault,
 To visit thee, and comfort thee here lying,
 Downe through the ayre I on my wings came flying:
 This place I first saw, when at the request
 Of my mother, I did wound *Calisto's* brest.
 And for thy sake I visit thee againe,
 Who to my colours hast true Souldier beene.
 Feare not, for *Cæsars* wrath being milder growne,
 The happy houre which thou desirest shall come.
 Feare not delay, the time is now at hand,
 For while his triumph doth great joy command.
 While's mother rejoyces, and his family,
 And Father who is *Pater Patrie*.
 While people praise him, and sweete incense burne,
 Which makes the Altars of the City warme.
 And while the Temple affords me access,
 Hope that my prayers may helpe thee in distresse.
 This said, his flight he through the ayre did take,
 And then my senses did begin to wake.
 Beleeve these words although I doubtfull am,
 And sooner thinke there may be a blacke Swan,
 Yet milke white cannot to blacke changed be,
 Nor Ivory white, turne to blacke Ebony,
 Thy noble birth doth with thy minde agree,
Hercules heart thou hast and honesty.
 Envy that slothfull vice in thee's not found,
 Which like a Viper creepes low by the ground,
 Thy lofty mind above thy birth doth flye,
 Not greater than thy ingenuity.
 Some seeke by oppression to be feared of all.
 And doe beare darts of envy dipt in gall,
 Your house doth use to helpe the suppliants
 Among which to count me I pray you grant.

De Ponto.

ELEGIE. IV.

To Rufinus.

THESE words which health unto thee doe commend
Thy Ould, doth from Tomos City send
Favour this paper-Triumph I command,
Rufinus if it come unto thy hand.
The worke is small, though the triumph were great,
Yet howsoe're receive it I entreate.
The strong and healthfull neede no Machaon
The sicke man doth to the Physician runne,
Great Poets doe no gentle reader neede,
For they can make the unwilling Reader reade,
But I who either had at all no wit,
Or else long labour hath decayed it,
My weakenesse by your candor is made strong
Which if you take away then all is gone.
And since my workes your courteous favour crave,
This booke especially may pardon have.
Other Poets wrote the triumph they did see,
And the sight helps the hand and memory.
But I beheld it onely by relation,
Instead of seeing, I heard the narration.
And can those straines, and passions, alike be,
That proceede from things heard, and things we see?
Nor am I griev'd, I did not see the gold
And silver Pageants, which you did behold.
But the places and lands which they did present,
And battailes had given my verse nourishment.
And the Kings royall aspects at that time,
Would have helpt me in this same worke of mine.

The

Lib. 3.

The peoples loud applause had power in it,
With acclamations to warme any wit.
Such vigor in my selfe I should have found,
As Souldiers doe that heare the trumpet sound.
Were my heart colder than the Ice or Snow,
Or this place where I misery undergoe.
If that I should the Generall behold,
In's Ivory Chariot, I should feele no cold.
I hearing the relation of this fight,
Doe desire you to favour what I write,
The Captaines names, and places, are unknowne
To me, I have no matter to write upon.
How little of it could I heare by fame,
Or who by writing could relate the same?
Therefore, O Reader, you ought pardon me
If I have err'd, or ought omitted be.
Besides, my Muse being used to complaine,
Can hardly reach unto a joyfull straine.
My words doe onely suite an Elegie,
And joy doth seeme to me a Novelty.
And as the eye unused to the Sunne,
Is dazled when that it doth looke thereon,
Even so joy is an object farre too bright
For my minde, which doth dazle at the sight.
And those things are most gratefull which are new,
No thanks to slow officiousnesse are due.
Much of this Triumph hath beene writ before,
Which I suppose the people have read o're.
The thirsty reader, did their lines drinke up,
When he is full, he will drinke of my cup.
And then their lines like wine seem'd briske and fresh,
But mine will seeme both warme and waterish.
It was not sloth that made me come behind,
But because I so farre off am confind,

De Ponso.

Ere I could heare the newes, and make in hast,
Verses, and send them a yeare might be past.
Besides it is better at the first to pull,
And gather Roses when the gardens full:
Then to come after and plucke what you find,
And gather that which hath beene left behind.
If others the flowers of the garden take,
Can we a garland for the Emperour make?
Yet let no Poets my words missesteeme,
As spoke against those verses made by them.
Let them not gather this construction hence,
My Muse hath spoke but in her owne defence.
Poets, I am one of your company,
And of your Tribe although in misery.
Friends I did alwayes in my Soule affect you,
And now in absence I as much respect you.
Then favor my verse, and let them gaine thence,
Applause, since I can't speake in my defence.
Those workes are grievous and doe oftneest please
That come forth after the Authors decease,
"Because that envy doth unjustly use,
"To wound the living and their name abuse.
If sad life be death, then I am dead,
And onely stay but to be buried.
The earth is onely stay'd that should be throwne
Vpon me, and I onely want a Tombe.
Lastly although my worke should all offend,
Yet no man will my duty reprehend.
Though strength doe faile, the will praiseworthy is
The gods I suppose are content with this.
And accept the poore mans will, that doth bring
A Lambe, as well as an Oxe offering.
This Subject was so great, that it was fit
For that chiefe Poet who needs writ.

Lib. 3.

Soft Elegies the great waight could not beare
Of Triumph, since their feete unequall were.
And I am doubtfull now, what verse to frame,
For *Rhene* shall yeeld a new triumph againe.
Poets presages have not untrue beene,
Fresh Bayes must *Cesar* crowne, while these are Greene.
Nor doe you reade my words, who here am sent,
To the River *Iſer* unto banishment.
Where the *Getes* who are never pacified,
Drinke of the stream, as it along doth glide.
They are the words of that power that inspires me,
By whose assistance I thus prophesie.
Livia why delay you to prepare,
His chariot for his triumphs gain'd by warre?
Unfaithfull *Germany* throwes her Speares away
My prophesie hath waight, you now will say.
Beleeve me, it to passe shall shortly come,
That honours shall be doubled on thy Sonne.
And in his chariot he shall then be scene,
Drawne on with horses as he once hath beene.
Bring forth his robes that are of purple dye,
To cloath his shoulders for his victory.
His wreath, of Bayes may even know his head,
Which it so often hath encircled.
His Buckler, Helmet shall with gold shine bright,
And precious stones which cast a glittering light.
The pieces of those Trophies he did get
From the foe, shall above their head be set.
The Townes are compass'd with a Towing wall,
And the faigned shew doth seeme to be reall.
Let conquer'd *Rhene*, goe now under the speare,
And drinke those waters which with blood dy'd were.
The Captive Kings, shall all of them lay by,
Their barbarous ornaments of regalitie.

And

De Ponto.

And all their royall robes and vestures, which
Are for their present fortune farre too rich;
And other honours too, which ought to be
Emblemes of vertue, in thy ancestry.
Ye gods, by whose power I doe prophesie,
I pray you my words quickly verifie.

ELEGIE. V.

To Cotta.

Would'st know from whence this letter doth thee greece?
From thence, where *Ister* doth the blew Sea meece.
The place being nam'd you ought to thinke on me,
Ovid who perish'd by ingenuitie;
Who from the salvage *Gates*, doth send thee health,
Cotta, which he had rather bring himselfe.
Young man, heire to thy Fathers eloquence, we
Have read thy words spoke in full Court by thee,
And having spent many houres to reade them o're,
I was then sorry that they were no more.
By often reading more of them I did make,
And alwayes much delight in them did take,
Which still their former sweetnesse did retaine,
And I was pleas'd with the strength of thy vaine,
They are happy that thy speeches heare and know,
And from whose mouth such eloquence doth flow,
Though waters sweete, which we away doe bring,
Its sweeter being drunke out of the Spring.
To gather apples from the bough it is,
Pleasanter than being tooke out of a dish.

But

Lib. 3.

But if my erring Muse had not banisht me,
Thy workes had beene recited then by thee.
And as I was wont, I might then too sit
With hundred others a Iudge of thy wit.
And my heart had beene filled with more delight,
Being tooke with those words you did recite.
You and my Country being left, the fates,
Had rather I should be amongst the *Getes*,
But that I may by reading present be,
Some pledges of your study send to me.
Example from me take, if you will receive,
That which you may to me more rightly give.
For *Maximus* I that long ruin'd am,
Strive to recover by my wit againe.
Then let me in requitall, receive from thee
Some workes which shall hereafter gratefull be,
Tell me O young man, that art so enclin'd
To my studies, bring they not me to minde?
To what friends dost thou thy new verse recite?
Or else to reade their owne, dost them excite?
My absence sometimes makes thee grieve in mind
Which in it selfe a want of me doth find.
And as in presence thou wouldst speake of me;
So *Orids* name is mention'd now by thee,
May I by *Geticke* bowes be slaine and dye,
(Punishment soone o'retaketh perjury,)
If I in absence doe not thee still see,
Thanks to the gods, the mind and thought is free.
By helpe whereof I to the City come
Vnseene, and often talke with thee alone.
Then it is hard to say how I esteeme,
That white houre which so happy then doth seeme;
Then I conceite (if I may be beleeu'd)
That into heaven I am then receiv'd.

And

De Ponto.

And I doe then conceive my selfe to be
With the gods in their blessed company.
But then I thinke I am here bereaven,
Both of the gods society and heaven.
And then me thinkes that this same *Ponticke* land
From *Stygian* Lake, farre distant doth not stand.
Whence if 'gainst fate I strive repeal'd to be,
Maximus, out of this vaine hope put me.

ELEGIE. VI.

To his Companion.

O*Vid*, to his friend whom he had even nam'd,
From *Euxine* shore sends these lines here contain'd,
For if I rashly, who thou art had written,
Blame for my love, perhaps I should have gotten.
If thou aske why I doe not name thee too,
As others thinke, I may them safely doe.
Since thou dost know great *Cesars* clemency,
In midst of wrath; I can thee certifie.
If I should judge my selfe I could not offer,
To take off any punishment which I suffer.
To remember my friends he forbids not me,
Nor that I should write to thee, thou to me,
It is no wickednesse, if thou dost spend,
Some gentle words to comfort up thy friend.
This feare of thine, makes *Cesars* Majesty
Seeme dreadfull, and thereby envy'd to be,

Lib. 3.

We have seene those were thunder strucke, yet did
Revive againe, *Iove* did not it forbid:
Neptune did teare *Ulysses* ship, and rend
His Barke, *Leucotbœ* did him befriend.
Neither did she deny to lend to him
Her ayd while he through the greene waves did swimme.
Beleeve me, gods doe spare men in distresse,
The wretched they doe not alwayes oppresse.
And no god can than *Cesar* milder be,
Who makes his justice power quallifie.
To which a Temple *Cesar* hath assignd,
Before, plac'd in the Temple of his mind.
Jupiter gainst some hath his thunder sent,
Whose faults have not deserv'd such punishment.
When *Neptunes* cruell waves have many drown'd,
How many worthy of that death are found?
When the most stout in warres are slaine, *Mars* must
Iudging himselfe, confesse his doom's unjust.
If you enquire of us, none will deny
That our sufferings doe proceed from equity.
Besides those who are drown'd, or in warres slaine,
Can never be restor'd to life againe.
But *Cesar* hath call'd some from banishment,
Or else tooke off part of their punishment.
And I most earnestly doe pray, that I
Might be one of that happy company.
Then since we under such a good Prince are,
To receive a banisht mans words dost thou feare?
Thou mightst if *Bisfres* held the government,
Who in a Brazen Bull did men torment
Wrong not his gentlenesse with thy feare hereafter,
Art thou afraid of rockes in a calme water?
That I to write to you unnam'd have usd,
Me thinkes that I can hardly be excusd.

But

De Ponto.

But feare had tooke away my use of reason,
Griefe made me voyde of counsell at that season.
Not *Cæsars* wrath, but my fault feare excited
And with my owne name I was even afrighted.
Then grant unto your Poet, now that he
May in his verses name and mention thee.
Twere our disgraces, if my booke should make
No mention of thee for acquaintance sake.
Yet least his feare should breake thy sleepe, I will
No more than thou wilt be efficacious still.
Vnlesse thou wilt, thou shalt be still unknowne,
I will enforce a kindnesse upon none.
Though you may safely love me openly,
Yet if you doubt it, love me secretly.

ELEGIE. VII.

To his friend.

I want words, the same so oft to entreate,
And am asham'd one suite still to repeate;
I thinke my verse to you doth readious grow,
Still of one theame, since you my suite doe know.
For you know what my Letter doth reveale,
Before you open it and breake the scale.
Therefore in writing let me change my theame,
That I goe not so oft against the streame.
Friends pardon me for my good confidence,
I will no more commit such an offence.
Least I distrust my wife who doth abide
Constant, but yet for favour hath not tride.

Ovid

Lib. 3.

“Ovid shall beare, for worse than this can be,
“Thou hast borne, burthens can be felt by thee.
The Oxe tooke from the heard, doth shun the plough,
And to the hard yoke his necke will not bow.
But I whom fate hath usd most cruelly,
Am long since used to all misery.
To dye on *Geticke* land, ist be my doome.
Let my fate goe on as it hath begun.
It is delightfull some hope maintaine,
But not delightfull if it still prove vaine.
And men doe alwayes wish those things may be,
Of which they conceive possibility;
But being undone, 'tis the next degree,
Bravely to despaire of all remedy.
“Some wounds we see by curing do grow greater,
“Which if they had not beene toucht had beene better.
Its easier at first to drowne in water,
Than tyre with swimming and be drowned after,
To remove from *Syrbia* why did I beleeeve,
Or that a happier Land might me receive?
Why should I hope my fate should gentler be,
Have I ere knowne fortune so kind to me?
It doth encrease my sorrow, and to shew
My place of banishment doth grieve renew.
Yet tis better my friends should not sue for me,
Than that their suite should not effectually be.
My friends so great a suite you dare not make
Would you aske, he would grant it for my sake.
Since *Cæsar* doth not this to me deny,
On *Enxine* shoare let me dye valiantly.

E I E

De Pontō.

ELEGIE. VIII.

To Maximus.

I Considered what gifts from *Tomos* I
Might lend, my love to thee to testifie.
Thou art more worth than silver, or gold bright;
Which in bestowing well thou tak'st delight.
But yet these places rich in mettall be,
Which cannot be dug for the enemy.
The shiny purple hath thy garments dy'd,
But in *Sarmaticke* Seas none doth abide,
The fleeces which the cattle beare, are hard,
And the Mayds know not how to spin or card.
Instead of carding women grind corne here,
And heavy water on their heads doe beare.
The Vine here on the Elme runs not abroad,
No apples with their waight the boughs doe load.
But in those sad fields bitter wormewood growes,
The fruite the bitterness of this Land shoves;
So that in *Pontus* I could nothing see,
That I might send to expresse love to thee,
Some *Scythian* Arrowes I have sent to thee,
Which wounding thy foe may they bloodyed be.
These are the pens and bookes, which here we use,
In this place *Maximus*, they are our Muse:
I am asham'd of such a poore present,
But take them kindly, pray, as they are sent.

Lib. 3.

E L E O I E. IX.

To Brutus.

Brutus, because my bookes are still the same,
You doe report that some my verses blame:
Because they iue that I might neerer be,
And shew how I live with the enemy.
Of how many faults may one be reprehended:
Tis well if my Muse here alone offended.
I see what faults I in my bookes commit,
When all approve their verse more than is fit
Authors doe praise their worke, *Accius* said,
Thersites face was good which he had made.
My judgement is not so led to approve
What I doe make, that I should straight it love.
You may aske why I will offensive be
In verse, if I my fault in writing see;
Tis one thing to be sensible of paine,
Another to take away grieve againe.
For all are sensible of misery,
But Art must take away the malady.
That word which I would change I doe leave in,
My strength of Iudgement to faile doth begin.
Sometimes (why should I doubt to speake the troth,)
To correct them, much trouble me it doth.
Besides I take delight in popular favour,
Which maketh me in writing take lesse labour.
And when my inspir'd brest once warme is growne,
Then my encreasing worke goes swiftly on.
But to correct a worke tis a hard thing,
Homer fore *Aristarchus* I esteeme.
Besides the bridle doth hold backe the Horse,
And cares restraine the mind in her swift course;

De Ponto.

But may the gods grant *Cæsars* wrath may be,
Appeased and diminished towards me.
That these bones of mine may be covered,
And in some quiet land be buried.
When I would faine describe my misery,
My Fortune's visage then affrighteth me.
Me thinkes I am mad, while I verses make,
And mongst the *Getes* care to correct them take,
Yet this doth make my lines excusable,
That to shew change of humours they are able.
For I sung when I had cause to be glad,
Now I sing sadly because I am sad;
While once I sung of joy, now of misery,
And both my workes with my times agree.
Can I write of this land but bitterly?
Praying I in some better place may dye.
I write the same so oft, none it respect,
And my words are become of none effect.
But that the reader should not take offence,
When he doth finde the same repeated sense.
Of all my friends *Brutus* I entreate thee?
Respect my worth, you learned pardon me,
For I doe prize the good that I may gaine,
By this worke more than I doe any fame.
Besides a Poet can that matter frame,
Vnto his owne desire which he doth faine.
My Muse is Index of my misery,
Of which she may a faithfull witnesse be.
That my Letters should be delivered being sent,
And not to make a booke, was my intent.
Afterward I collected some of those,
That you may not thinke I this worke did chuse
Then pardon these lines, which I did not make
For glory, but for love and profit sake.



OVID
DE PONTO.
LIB. IV.

ELEGIE. I.

To Sext: Pompeius.



Receiue Pompeius, this verse which he drew,
Who oweth (*Sextus*) even his life to you
If you permit me your name to set downe,
You adde one kindnesse to the former summe,
But if you frowne, my fault I will confesse,
Yet you may pardon my fault nere the lesse,
My mind would needes declare her thankfulnessse,
Then be not angry at my officiousnesse,
How oft did I thinke it a fault in me,
That in my bookes I had not mention'd thee,
And while I did compose my selfe and frame,
To write to others should I write thy name?
My error pleased me in such a fault,
Which unwillingly I out againe did blot.

De Ponto.

Ile write to him, said I, though he doe blame
Me, for prefixing on the toppe his name,
Ah I'me asham'd that I have not commended
My love before to him, and so offended.
If I should drinke the dull *Lethean* water,
Yet I can never forget thee hereafter.
Then suffer me I pray, doe not disdain
My words, nor verse which I in duty frame.
Light thanks for former kindnesse receive
If not I will be gratefull without leave.
You ready were to doe me good your selfe,
And you did still supply me with your wealth.
And being not afrighted by my fate,
Your love hath helpfull beene to me of late.
But if thou aske perchance how I can be,
For future time so confident in thee,
I see that every one strives to maintaine,
And preserve that worke which himselfe did frame.
So *Venus*, which the Painter *Cous* drew,
His labour and his glory both doth shew,
Being drawne by him, as if she did repaire
From Sea, and seem'd to dry her moystned haire.
So *Pallas* in the *Athen* Tower doth stand,
Carved in Ivory by *Phidias* hand.
So *Calamis* for the horses which he drew,
Deserveth praise which unto him is due.
So *Myrons* worke was of no lesser worth,
Who did unto the life a Cow draw forth.
So I amongst thy other good deedes am,
A peece of workmanship thou dost maintaine.

Lib. 4.

ELEGIE. II.

To Severus.

THat which thou readst *Severus*, the most great
 Of Poets, comes from the unshorne *Gete*.
 If I may speake the truth, asham'd I am,
 That my bookes hitherto conceal'd thy name.
 Yet my officious Letters which I did frame
 In Prose, not Verse, unto thee often came.
 I sent no verse to shew what care I take
 Of thee; what should I send, what thou dost make?
 Who giveth *Aristeus* at any time
 Honey, or unto *Bacchus Falerus* wine?
 Who to *Tuptolemus* doth come and offer,
 Who to *A'cinus* doth Apples proffer.
 Thou hast a fruitfull brest, and amongst those
 That honour *Helligon*, theres none outgoes
 Thee, for the richnesse of thy fluent vaine,
 Or for the plenteousnesse of thy sweete straine:
 To send thee verses then, had beene to adde
 Leaves to the wood, of which great store they had;
 And this *Severus* onely caused me,
 To be so slow in writing unto thee.
 Nor is my wit such as it was, for now
 The dry and barren sands in vaine I plough;
 For as mud choketh up the waters vaine,
 Making a Spring that cannot flow amaine,
 The mud of griefe my brest hath choaked so,
 That my verse with a poorer vaine doth flow.
 For if this land had beene great *Homers* seat,
 Beleeve me, I had then become a *Gete*.

De Ponto.

Grant me your pardon, if I doe confesse
That in my studyes I am growne remisse
And seldome time when I a letter frame,
Doe I the syllables on my fingers scan.
That fury which in Poets doth use to be,
Is absent now, which was before in me.
My Muse will scarce affill me, when I take
Paper to write, to dictate she is slacke;
So that in writing I take little pleasure,
Nor take delight to joyne my words in measure:
Since verse hath not beene profitable to me,
But hath occasion'd all my misery.
Or since to dance in the darke tis all one,
And to write verses that are read of none,
Our study by the audience is raisd,
“ And Vertue doth encrease when it is prayd.
“ For glory is a great spurre to excite
“ Vertue, and make her take a higher flight.
To whom but the Corallian I heere
Recite those lines which by me written are?
Or to those other Nations which abide
Fast by the barbarous River *Isters* side;
But what should doe here to passe away
My haplesse leasure or to spend the day?
I neither love deceitfull dice nor wine;
By which they use to passe away the time.
Nor doe the ploughed fields yeeld me delight,
Which if the warres would cease, would please my sight.
My Muses, who my cold comforters be
Remaine, that have not well deserv'd of me,
But thou that drinkst of their happy spring,
Love Poetry which did thee profit bring.
Let the Muses by thee still be reverenced,
And send us some new worke of thine to reade.

ELEGIE. III.

To his unconstant friend.

Shall I complaine? be dumb, or without a name
 Make knowne who thou art, that art so too blame?
 I will not name thee, least thou thinke it be
 A credit, while my verse complains of thee.
 While that my fortunes favorable were,
 One of my chiefe friends thou didst appeare.
 Now fortune bends her brow, thou goest backe,
 When you perceiv'd that I your helpe did lacke.
 Now you pretend, you know not who I am
 Asking who *Ould* is, when you heare his name.
 Know I am he that was your friend of old
 From a child, though of this youle not be told.
 I am he that to know your affaires did use,
 Whom then to beare you company you did chuse,
 In the house I still bore you companie,
 It was my Muse alone that pleased thee.
 I am he, who whether he doe live or no,
 Perfidious man, thou took'st no care to know.
 Either confesse thou never lovedst me,
 Or confesse thy selfe a counterfet to be,
 Or else if that thou didst not counterfeit,
 Thou wilt be found to be fickle and light.
 Tell me, what anger hath thus changed thee?
 If thy complaint be not just, mine must be.
 What fault of mine hath thus estranged thee?
 Or ist a fault to be in adversity?
 If to helpe me in deedes you thought unfit,
Three words in paper you might then have writ,

De Ponto.

I scarce beleeeve it, yet by fame I heare,
That to insult o're me, you doe not spare.
Thou madman; If thy fortune should goe backe,
All pittie from thy selfe why dost thou take?
This goddesse shewes her lightnesse by her wheele,
Making the highest spoke to touch her heele,
She is more light than wind or leaves can be.
Yet thou art like her in inconstancy.
Humane states on a slender thred are hung,
Those who are highest, soone to ruine come.
Who hath not heard of *Cæsar's* wealth? yet he
Was taken captive by his enemy.
He of whom *Syracuse* was so afraid,
Hunger compelled him to use a trade.
Who greater was than *Alexander* great
Yet he once put to flight, did helpe entreate:
While he whom all the world before obeyd,
Poorer than any of them all was made.
Marius by the Iugurthine triumph glorious,
Who being *Consull*, Rome was oft victorious,
In the mudde and the marish reedes did lie,
And suffer many an indignitie.
“ Humane affaires the sport of the gods be,
“ In present time there is no certaintie.
If any one had said that I should go,
To th' *Euxine* shoare, and feare the *Getes* stiffe Bowe,
To purge his madnesse, I had bid him goe,
Drinke *Hellebore* which doth in *Anticyra* grow.
Yet I have sufferd this for though I could shunne
Mans power, from *Cæsar's* thunder I could not runne:
Then wisely feare, and thinke prosperity,
While thou speak'st, may change into aduersity.

Lib. 4.]

ELEGIE. III.]

To Sext. Pompeius.

There is no day with Southerne showers so wet
That no soft raine their violence doth remit,
Nor any place hath yet so barren beene,
That no good herbs among the thornes do spring:
For Fortune no such misery doth inflict,
That no joy can in part diminish it.
I from my house, my country, and friends am sent
To *Getick* shoares to live in banishment,
Yet I have found away my selfe to cheere,
And not remember my sad fortune heere.
For while I walked on the yellow sand,
I heard a paire of wings which gently fand
The ayre, as it did seeme then unto mee,
I looked backe, but no body could see:
At last I heard these words, behold I Fame,
Come flying through the wide ayre, to proclaime
These tydings which shall happen unto thee,
A messenger of joyfull newes to bee.
The next ensuing yeare shall happy bee,
In *Pompeys* Consulship, who's deare to thee:
When shee had this report through *Pontus* blowne,
The goddesse through the Countries journeyd on.
This newes made care to leave me for a space,
That I forgot the barbarisme of the place:
Therefore when *Ianus* doth the yeare begin,
Whose month after *December* commeth in,
Pompeius then the purple robe shall weare,
Which honour's due unto his vertues are.

De Ponto.

Me thinkes I see the vulgar people hurt,
While they doe presse and throng into his Court.
While thou to *Tarpeian* Temples dost repaire,
To the mercifull gods to make thy prayer,
While snow white oxen there are sacrificed,
Which in the faire *Faliscan* fields were bred:
Desiring all the gods to favour thee,
Especially *Ioue* and *Cæsars* Majestie.
The Court shall love thee, and the convocation
Of Senators harken unto thy Oration,
When having pleased them with a fluent stile,
Having received gratulations all the while;
Having thank'd the gods, and *Cæsars* Majestie,
Who will conferre more honours upon thee.
The Senate then shall bring thee backe againe,
While thy house can't the throng of people containe;
Woes me, that I may not amongst them bee,
And that I may not those sights view and see.
Yet in my minde, which I may onely doe,
The Consuls face I will behold and view.
Gods grant thou maist sometimes thinke on my name,
And say, alas, how doth that wretched man?
When I heare thou hast said it so, I'll confesse,
The sorrowes of my banishment are lesse.

ELEGIE. V.

To the same, now Consul.

Light Elegies goe to the Consuls eare,
And to his honours view, these my lines beare.

Lib. 4.

A long way on unequalle feete you goe
The earth being covered o're with winters snow.
Having past cloudy *Æmus*, and cold Thrace,
And the rough billowes of the *Ionian* seas.
You need not make much hast, for you shall come,
In ten dayes to the Queene of Cities, *Rome*.
Then to *Pompeius* house goe out of hand,
Which next unto *Augustus* Court doth stand.
If people aske whose you are, whence you came,
Then tell them in their eare some fained name:
Your Author you with safety may confesse,
Yet a fain'd name will be more dangerlesse.
And when you come to his gate, go and see
The *Consull*, for none will prohibit thee.
While he doth unto the *Quirites* speake,
Sitting in state upon his *Ivory* seate.
Or while he doth the people taxe and cease,
And strives to make the Cities wealth encrease:
Or like a *Consull* holds a consultation,
To call the Senators to a convocation
In the *Iulian* Temple or else goes himselfe,
To wish *Augustus* and his Sonne all health:
Or else he takes care to discharge, and looke
Vnto his office, which he undertooke.
To salute *Germanicus* after them he goes,
To whom as to the gods he honour shewes.
When his affaires are settled and do quiet stand,
Then he will take you in his gentle hand,
And perhaps aske how I your Author doe,
To answer him in these words I would have you.
He lives, and saies he owes his life to thee,
First granted him by *Cæsars* Majestie:
And gratefully remembers how he went,
By thy convoy safely to banishment,

While

De Ponto.

While the *Bistorian* sword had beene dyed in
His blood, unlesse thou hadst tooke care of him;
And suppliedst him with necessities thy selfe,
That he might not diminish his owne wealth,
That to requite your love, he vowes that he
A servant unto you will alwayes be.
For first the Mountaines shall want shady trees,
Sayle bearing ships shall not sayle on the seas,
And Rivers shall runne backe unto their spring,
Ere I forget what your love to me hath beene.
This having said, entreate him he would daine
To keepe you, for unto this end you came.

ELEGIE. VI.

To Brutus.

Brutus, this letter thou readeſt is ſent thee
From thence, where thou wouldſt not have *Ovid* be;
Thou wouldſt not have it ſo, but fate requires,
Alasſe the fates are ſtronger than deſires.
Five yeares paſt ſince I have in *Scythia* beene,
And now another five yeares doth begin.
Fortune is conſtant in her crueltie,
And treacherouſly ſhe ſtill oppoſeth me:
Maximus honour of the *Fabian* family,
Would have mov'd *Cæſar* for me certainly,
Thou dydſt before thy ſuite could moved be
Unworthily, I thinke, with griefe for me.
Now to commit my cauſe to any I feare,
For after thy death all my hopes dead were.

Au.

Lib. 4.

Augustus to pardon my fault did begin,
But then he dy'd, and my hopes dy'd in him:
Yet I though farre off, verses to you writ,
Of him whom Heaven did of late admit,
And may my pious dutie so profit me,
That *Cæsars* wrath may once appeased be:
That you pray for the same, I dare be sworne
Brutus, whose faithfulnessse to me is knowne:
For th. love was still constant unto me,
And it encreased in adversity.
He that did see our teares together shed,
Did beleve that we both were banished.
Nature hath given a softnesse unto thee,
To pittie such as are in misery:
And *Brutus* she hath given unto none,
Such a gentle temper and disposition;
That he who doth not know how thou canst plead,
Thinkes not thou couldst 'gainst guilty ones proceed.
Thou canst at once, though they doe seeme contrary,
Be mild to suiters, cruell to the guilty.
When thou hast undertooke to judge a cause,
According to the severity of lawes,
The words that come from thee in generall,
Seeme as if they were dipt in poyson all.
May thy cruelty to enemies be knowne,
Feeling the wounding arrowes of thy tongue,
Which thou dost sharpen carefully, that none
Would thinke thou hadst such a disposition.
But unto such as fortune hath opprest,
A woman cannot beare a tenderer brest:
And this I cheifely then did finde in thee,
When the most of my friends denied me:
I will forget them, but I will never be,
Vnmindfull of your helpe in miserie,

And

De Ponto.

And *Ister* that too neere me doth flow on,
From *Eux ne* Seas unto his spring shall runne.
The Sunne shall drive his chariot to the East,
As it was when *Thyestes* kept his feast.
Sooner than you who were much griev'd that I,
Should be rooke from you all so suddenly,
Shall accuse me that I have unto him,
Either ungatefull, or forgetfull beene.

ELEGIE. VII.

To Vestalis.

Vestalis because you were sent before,
On purpose unto the cold *Euxine* shoare.
To render justice to those Lands which bee
Situate under the North Axletree,
You see in what a country I doe lie,
And that my complaints true can testifie.
Your words to my complaint much credit brings,
O young man descended from the Alpine Kings.
Thou seest the Sea with Ice is frozen up,
Thou seest the wine is frozen in the cup,
And thou dost see here how the country Swaine,
Over the *Ister* drives his loaden waine,
And how they doe poyson arrowes you do see,
That they by two effects may deadly bee.
And I doe wish thou hadst them onely seene,
Not by experience knowne to thee had beene:
For since you did your way through danger make,
Honour hath beene conferrd on you of late;

which

Lib. 4.

Which honour though it be to you a grace,
Your vertue doth deserve a higher place.
This *Ister* knowes, whose streame was dyed red
With blood of *Getes* by thy hand slaughtered:
And this *Egyptos* knowes, which thou didst take,
Which strongly situate no defence could make.
This City was as strong by situation,
Plac'd on a hill as by fortification.
From King *Sithenius*, *Savages* did it winne.
And as conquerors they tooke the wealth therein,
Till *Vitellius* did by water passage get
For his Army, and march'd up against the *Gete*.
Thou that valiant *Dennas* art descended,
To march against the enemy wast intended,
And glistering armour then put on you did,
For valiant actions never can be hid.
And marching on the Citie didst assaile,
Mauger their swords and stones that flew like haile:
With arrowes shot thou couldst not be withstood,
Nor with darts dipped in the vipers blood;
And there thy body did some wounds sustaine,
But love of honour takes away all paine.
Thus *Ajax* when their ships to *Troy* did come,
Resisted the fire-balls which *Hector* flung.
But when you fought hand to hand, and came nigh,
That by the sword you might the matter try:
Tis hard to say, what valour you did shew,
And whom you kild, or how many you flew.
And being Conquerour didst tread on the *Getes*,
Who by thy sword lay slaughtered there in heapes.
The Souldiers from their Captaine did fire take,
Receiving wounds, they many wounds did make:
But yet thy valour did as much exceed,
As *Pegasus* surpassed other horses speed.

De Ponto.

Aegyptus tooke in verse *Vestalis*, I
Did memorize your deedes to eternity.

ELEGIE. VIII.

To Suillius.

LEarned *Suillius* your letter was to me
Most welcome, though lately it delivered be:
Wherein you promise that if the gods may
Be enclined by prayer, my helpe you will assay,
Though you availe not, your friendly goodwill
Obliges me to be your debtor still.
And may you long continue in this desire,
Let not my misery make your love to tire.
Bonds of affinity bind us in one yoake,
Which I do pray may still remaine unbroke:
For thee that is thy wife is daughter to me,
And my wife also sonne in law calls thee.
Woes me, if thou dost frowne when thou hast read
My verse, and art asham'd of my kindred:
Yet no cause to be asham'd canst thou finde
But Fortune, which unto me hath beene blinde.
Examine my descent, my Ancestrie
Were Gentlemen of ancient Pedigree:
If you examine my lifes integrity,
Bate me one error, I should blamelesse be.
Then you do thinke intreatie may prevaile
To entreat the gods humbly do not faile.
Young *Cesar* is thy gods, his Majestie
An Altar is, that is well knowne to thee.

He

Lib. 4.

He suffers not his Priests in vaine to pray,
To get some helpe from him therefore assay,
If he do favour me, my Barke hereafter,
Shall rise againe that's now suncke in the water.
Then I sweete Incense solmely will bring
Vnto the Altar for an offering:
And I will then both testifie and show,
How much the gods by their owne power can do.
I will not build a marble Temple for thee
Germanicus, since my fall impoverishd mee;
Let happy families Temples build to thee,
And Cities that are in prosperity.
Ovid will shew his gratitude himselfe,
By writing verses, which are all his wealth,
Yet he I know a small requitall affords,
That for life given him, doth give backe words;
But he that giveth the most he can doe,
His gratitude abundantly doth shew;
And in this action he hath truely shew'd,
The high'st perfection of all gratitude.
When poore men a little Incense sacrifice
Vnto the gods, they do it not dispise:
Their little incense is as powerfull, even
As that which out of a great dish is given.
The sucking lambe, and that which hath bene fed;
With the *Falisan* grasse are offered
As sacrifices, and with their blood staine
The *Tarpeian* Altars when as they are slaine,
And yet the thankfull lines of Poets be,
Most sutable to a Princes dignity.
Verses doe every where your prayse proclaime,
And make your worthy deedes still live by fame,
"Vertue doth live by verse, and cannot dye,
"But is made knowne unto posterity.

H

For

De Ponto.

For time consumeth Iron and hard stone,
There is nothing that is than time more strong.
Verses doe beare t^heir yeares, by verse you know
Who *Agamemnon* was, and alio who
Did beare armes on his side, and what might,
Did on the other side against him fight.
Of *Thebes* or the seven Captaines who had knowne,
Without verse, what shall, or hath beene done?
The gods themselves by verse are deify'd,
So that their Majesties doe Poets neede.
By it the *Chaos*, natures first rude heape
We know was formed into a divers shape.
By it the Gyants that affected Heaven,
By direfull thunder into *Stryx* were driven.
So *Bacchus* praise by verse abroad was spred,
When he the Indians had conquered.
Hercules in verse hath praised beene,
Cause he *Ochalia* away did bring.
And *Cesar* your Grandfather, whose vertues were
Such, that he is now made a shining starre.
Verses partly the chiefe maintainers be,
Of his most sacred gracious memory.
Therefore if any wit remaine in me,
Germanicus, it shall at thy service be.
Then being a Poet, thou wilt not contemne
A Poets love, but judge e're thou condemne.
Wert thou not called to greater dignity,
The glory of the *Muses* thou wouldst be.
Thou wouldst rather give matter for verse than make
Verses, and yet thou canst not them forsake.
Now thou mak'st warre, then in a verses measure
Dost write those warres, thus warre is but thy pleasure.
And as *Apollo* skild in Harpe and Bow,
So that both strings, his sacred fingers know.

Lib. 4.

So learning is not wanting unto thee,
Nor Arts that suite with Principality :
But in thy royall mind Loves Sovereignty,
Is mingled with the Muses Poetry.
Then since that we are banish'd from that Spring,
Which by a stroke of *Pegasus* hoofe did begin.
Let it availle me something that I am
A Poet, and doe sacred rites maintaine,
That I may leave the *Gates*, and shoares which are
Subject to the *Coralli*, who skins weare.
That if I must live banish'd, I may come
To live in some place neerer unto *Rome*,
That I may celebrate your praise in verse,
And suddenly your glorious deedes rehearse.
And deare *Suillus*, by earnest prayer require
The gods to grant your Father in lawes desire.

ELEGIE. IX.

To *Gracinus*.

Ovid, from *Euxine* shoare, not when he would,
Gracinus, sends thee health, but whence he could.
I wish that it that morning may meeete thee,
When thou receiv'st the Consuls dignity.
Since when thou as Consull shalt carri'd be
To the Capitoll, I shall not goe with thee.
May my Letter on that day be receiv'd,
And so performe my duty in my stead.
But if to better fates I had beene borne,
And that my Fortunes had runne smoothly on.

De Ponto.

I had saluted thee in presence then,
Which now my hand performeth by my pen.
And I would mingle kisses with each word,
Which should honour unto both of us afford.
I should be so proud if this day once came,
So that thy house could scarce my pride containe.
And while the Senate walked on each side,
I as a horseman should before thee ride.
And though I desir'd still next thee to abide,
I should be glad not to be next thy side.
I would endure the peoples throng and presse,
And to be throng'd so, count it happinesse.
And I should also then rejoyce to see,
What troopes of people beare thee company.
And I who am mov'd, with each vulgar sight,
To see thy purple robes should take delight.
And to see thy seat wrought with Imagery,
Which is carv'd on *Numidian* Ivory.
Then comming to the *Tarpeian* Tower againe,
While Sacrifices at thy command were slaine,
The god in the midst of it, had heard me
Giving thanks for giving me this dignity.
And giving Frankinsence with gratefull minde,
For joy of honour unto thee assign'd,
And amongst thy friends I should reckon'd be,
If the more gentle fates had sufferd me
To be in the City, so that what I doe
Behold in thought, I with my eyes might view.
But they were not pleas'd, and perhaps justly
My cause of punishment why should I deny?
Yet in mind, which cannot banisht be,
Thy purple robes and ornaments I see.
And how to people thou dost justice doe,
And thinke I me present at thy counsels too.

Lib. 4.

Or how the Cities rents are improv'd by thee,
And are cast up with much fidelity.
Or how in Senate thou mak'st an Oration,
Or for the publicke good holdst consultation.
Or how thou dost fat Oxen sacrifice,
To god-like *Cæsar* for thy dignities.
And I wish, when thy better prayers are made,
Thou would pray that their wrath might be allayd.
These words will make the flame rise from the fire,
Vpon the Altar, and to mount up higher,
Till then Ile cease complaints, and as I may
When thou art Consull, keepe a Holyday.
And this no lesse a cause of joy shall be,
That thy brother succedes thee in dignity.
Thou on *Decembers* last dost it forsake,
He on the last of *January* shall it take..
Mutuall love shall you to joy encline,
You for your brothers honour, he for thine.
Twice Consull, you shall in each other be,
And double honour shall grace your family. |
Which honour is so great, that there can be
In Martiall *Rome* no greater dignity:
Beside it is more honour unto thee,
To have such honour given by his Majesty.
And may *Cæsar* still thinke you *Flaccus* to be,
Worthy of such honour and dignity.
If winds stand faire to hoyst sayles doe not faile,
That my Ship out of *Stygian* waves may saile.
Gracinus, *Flaccus* did of late command,
And the Land about *Isler* in peace maintaine.
He by the *Myrian* people in fidelity,
And the Bow bearing *Getes* did terrifie.
By speedy valour he did *Traiges* take
And *Danub* red with salvage blood did make?

De Ponto.

Enquire of him how *Scythia* doth lye,
And how I am frighted by the enemy.
Or if their shafts are dipt in Serpents gall,
Or if that men for sacrifices fall;
Or that *Pontus* with cold be frozen over,
And that Ice many leagues of it doth cover.
Then aske how I am esteem'd, and how I
Doe spend the time here in hard misery.
I am not hated, nor deserve to be,
My mind is not chang'd by adversity.
My mind enjoys her owne tranquillity,
Which hath beene praised heretofore by thee,
And thy speech retaines that old modesty
Which was wont usuall in it to be.
Such I was, and am where the enemy,
Gives to the sword the lawes validity,
So that *Græcinus* for many yeares none can
Complaine of us, not woman, child, nor man.
This makes the *Tomitans* so kind to be,
Because the Country doth thinke well of me:
Some wish I were gone, since I it desire,
But for their owne sakes wish I may stay here.
Besides some publicke decrees extant be,
That doe give praise and priviledge to me,
And the Townes round about doe honour me,
Though glory doth not suite with misery.
Nor is my piety unknowne in this Land,
The *Cæsars* pictures in my house doe stand.
His Sonnes Image and wives, there placed be,
Equall to god, like *Cæsar* in Majesty.
And to make up his family, on each hand,
His Nephewes by Father, and Mother side stand.
To these I pray and offer sacrifice,
When the day breaketh from the Easterne skies.

And

Lib. 4.

And if you aske, all *Pontus* can testifie,
My pious duty and say I doe not lye.
Pontus knowes, that with such sports as I may,
I here doe celebrate *Cæsars* birth day.
Nor is my love to strangers lesser knowne,
If any from *Propontus* hither come.
Perhaps your brother heard thus much of me,
In whose rule, *Pontus* enjoy'd liberty.
My fortune is unto my minde unlike,
Which makes my gifts and sacrifices slight.
Nor doe I it to show my Piety,
“But am pleas'd to doe good in secrecie.
Yet these things may come unto *Cæsars* eare,
Who of all matters in the world doth heare.
Thou *Cæsar* joyn'd to the heavenly Deities,
Dost know this, and see this Land with thy eyes,
And being plac'd among the starry Spheares,
Dost heare the humble meanest of my prayers.
And dost heare of those verses I did make
Of thee, who art now made a god of late.
And therefore I suppose your Deity,
By these things will incline to pittie me,
And will declare you have the gentle name,
Of a Father, which you worthily retaine.

ELEGIE. X.

To *Albinovanus*.

THis is the sixt Summer I have spent here,
On this shoare with the *Getes* that skins doe weare.

De Ponto.

What flint or iron, can in hardnesse be
Deare *Albinovanus*, compar'd with me?
Drops, hollow stones. Rings by use weare awa;
The crooked Ploughshare doth at length decay.
Thus Time devoureth all things except me,
Of whom death cannot get the victory.
Vlysses an example of toyle may be,
Who wandred ten yeares in the unknowne Sea.
Yet all that time misfortunes did not beare
Some passages delightfull to him were.
To stay with *Calypso* six yeares, and lye
With a faire goddesse, could it be misery?
Cyrce receiv'd him, and gave him a wind
To drive his sayles from havens they did find,
Nor to heare the sweete *Sirens* could it be
A labour, or to tasle the *Lotostree*.
Whose fruite with part of my life I would buy,
Could the Ivy make me forget my countrey,
Neither can you *Lestrigons* Citties compare,
With Nations which neere unto *Ister* are,
Cyclops exceed not *Phiares* in cruelty.
What terrour to me doe they use to be?
Hemochi in Ships have more terrifi'd me
Than *Scylla's* waves which barking monsters be.
The *Acheans* with *Carybdis* cannot compare,
Though three strong tides in it, and ebbes there are,
Who though they on the Countries right side lye,
They suffer this side to have no security,
For all the naked fields be leanenesse here,
And all their shafts in poyson dipped are.
And winters cold doth freeze o're the Sea so,
That you on foote may easily o're it goe.
So that where Oares through the waves way did make,
Travellers without Boate their way may take.

Those

Lib. 4.

Those who come home, doe say you will not beleeve
Them, nor yet credence to their report give,
How wretched then and miserable is he,
Whose sufferings beyond all credit be.

Beleeve me winter covers the *Sarmatian Seas*
With Ice, Ile shew the cause why it doth freeze.
For that cold constellation which doth beare
The figure of a waine to us is neere.

Here *Boreas* dwells and hath his Mansion,
And being nere us he doth blow more strong.
But the warme Souther wind which still doth breath
From the opposite Axletree is underneath,
Is farre off, and to blow is seldome knowne,
And with a weary strength doth hither come.
And divers Rivers into the Sea goe,
Beating backe the Sea, whereinto they flow.

Lyus, Sagaris, Penius, hither come,
And often winding *Italy*, doth hither runne.
Hither violent *Parthenius* doth slide,
And the stone-rolling *Cynape* doth glide.
Hither the River *Tiras* doth also flow,
Who than no other River is more slow.

And *Thermodon* to the *Amazones* well knowne,
And *Pasis* which did unto *Greece* belong.

With *Berysthenius* there meeteth here
The River *Driaspes* that is faire and cleare:
And gentle *Melanthus* runnes softly on,
In silent manner till his course be done.

And that same River which doth take his way,
Betweene two Lands, *Europe* and *Asia*.

And divers others, mongst which *Danub* is held
The greatest, who will not to *Nilus* yeeld.

Thus store of Rivers, as they doe increase,
So they doe weaken the strength of the Seas.

De Pontà

For they doe make it like to a dull Lake;
And the blew colour of it away take.
Fresh water swims aloft, as being lighter
Then Sea water, which saltnesse maketh heavier;
If any aske why I these things rehearse,
And take delight to speake of them in verse:
I answer, to passe the time in miserie,
This fruite this present houre doth bring to me.
While I writ this, my sorrowes absent were,
Nor thought that I amongst the *Geces* was here.
I doe not doubt but since thou dost commend
Theseus in verse, thou wilt mine defend.
Resembling him who denies Love; should be
The companion onely of prosperity.
Whose actions though composd by thee and sung,
Were not so well declar'd as they were done.
Yet something in him may imitable be,
Each one may be *Theseus* in fidelitie.
Thou hast no foes with sword and key to tame,
In spite of whom he o're the *Istmos* came.
Love's the atchievement that's to thee assignd,
Which is no painefull thing to a wishing mind.
For what great paines or labour is it, sure
To keepe our faith inviolate, and pure?
Yet thinke not I in these lines doe complaine
Of thee, who dost true to thy friend remaine.

Lib. 4.]

ELEGIE. XI.

To Gallio.

Gallio this fault will not excuse be,
That my verse doth not by name mention thee.
Thou (I remember) didst with many a teare
Embalme my wounds made by a heavenly speare,
And would thou hadst no other cause to grieve,
But that exile doth thee of thy friend deprive.
The gods were not so pleas'd, whose cruelty
A chaste and modest wife have tooke from thee.
Your Letter brought me tidings of your griefe,
And while I red your losse did make me weepe.
To comfort thy wisdom, it would folly be,
Or apply sayings of learned men to thee,
And if that reason can't your griefe allay,
Yet time I know doth make it to decay.
While your Letter comes, and ours is backe sent,
Through Lands and Seas, a yeare is spent:
For how should comfort in due season bring
To griefe, when sorrow is both fresh and greene.
But when those wounds by time have healed bin,
Then admonitions doe those wounds unskin.
Besides thou mayst happy in a new wife be,
And may my prophesie prove true to thee.

E L E

De Ponto.

ELEGIE XII.

To Tuticannus.

THe cause why my Bookes doe not thee containe,
Is the measure and condition of thy name.
Else none should have this honour before thee,
If that my verse may any honour be.
The law of verse and fortune of thy name
Prohibit it, which in verse can containe.
I am asham'd to divide thy name betweene
Two verses, to end with't, and to begiane.
Or to contract a long syllable thus,
And so to call thee in brieft *Tuticannus*:
Or else *Tuticannus* thou in verse must come,
By making a short syllable of a long.
Or the short ending syllable may be drawne
At length, and the second also made long.
If I thus botchingly brought in thy name,
I might be thought to have no fluent vaine.
And this to write to thee made me delay,
Which now I with advantage will repay.
Now in any measure I will sing of thee,
And send thee verses whatsoere they be.
Since when we both were children thou and I,
Have knowne each other from our Infancy.
And all that time that we did live together,
I loved thee, as if thou wert my brother.
For thou wert my companion and my guide,
When I did first beginne to learne to ride.
Often thy Bookes were corrected by me,
As they before had censur'd beene by thee.

And

Lib. 4.

And oftentimes I have faults deprehended
In thy workes, which by thee have heene amended.
When the *Pterian* goddesses did teach
Thee how to frame a strong line that might reach
Phæacis worth, who did deserve a straine,
That might be equall unto *Homers* vaine,
This concord in our yeares of youth begunne,
Continues now when our haire is white growne,
But this Land may first want both cold and warre,
Which in *Pontus* most usuall to me are.
The Northwind may be warme, the Southwind be
Cold, and my fortunes be more kind to me.
Ere thou of thy friend can forgetfull be,
This burthen shall not encrease my misery.
Maist thou of the gods, of whom chiefe is he,
Who daily advances thee to dignity,
Obtaine some favour for me in the end,
And constantly a banisht man defend.
Wouldst thou know my mind, nay I perish if I know,
If one may perish that is in depth of woe.
I know not what to doe, nor what would be
Most profitable at this time to me.
“ For men in misery have no wisdom left
“ But of all sense and counsell are bereft.
Therefore seeke how you may helpe me I pray
And how you may to my desires make way.

ELIGIUM. XIII.

To *Carus*.

O Thou who art to be mentioned by me
Amongst my companions of most constancy!

CARUS

De Ponto.

Cærus, who truly art to me most deare,
As thou art by name, I salute thee here.
From whence thou dost receive this salutation,
The colour of my verse may shew and fashion.
Because unfit for any publicke view,
Yet howsoe're it seemes that I them drew.
The title leafe of thy workes teare away,
Yet that they are workes of thine I can say.
Though in old Authours thou art often coated,
And in their annotations often noted;
Thy strong lines shew th'ir Authour which have bin,
Worthy of *Hercules* of whom thou dost sing.
So my Muse may be knowne by her owne colour,
And by her faults which doe display her Fuller.
Thersites was knowne by bad shap'es drawne by him,
As *Niræus* was in his faire peeces scene.
Nor can you wonder if my verse be blame,
Which I almost a *Geticke* Poet frame.
For in the *Geticke* speech a Booke I writ,
And barbarous words have in our measures set,
And I have pleas'd them, so that I began
To have amongst the *Getes* a Poets name,
While I great *Cæsars* praises did rehearse,
Whose power did helpe the novelty of my verse.
Shewing *Augustus* body mortall was,
But that his soule did to any dwellings passe.
While he his Fathers vertue doth equallize,
Succeeding him in Imperiall dignities.
And that *Livia* might *Vesta* of Matrons be
Whom both her Sonne and Husband dignifie.
That the Princes, who their Fathers strength are,
Their courage by their actions doe declare.
When I had writ this in the *Geticke* verse,
And the last leafe did unto them rehearse.

They

Lib. 4.

They strooke their arrowes, and their heads did shake,
And a long murmuring noise the *Getes* did make,
Saying, since he of *Cesar* writes thus, he might
By *Cesars* command be repealed by right.
Yet *Carus* I in banishment have beene here,
Vnder the Snowy Axletree, six yeare.
Verses helpe me, that causd me to be sent;
At first into this most sad banishment:
By that Love thou bearest sacred Poesie
By the name of Friendship esteem'd by thee.
So may *Germanicus*, subduing the Enem/,
Afford matter to your ingenuity.
So may he prosper in his Sonnes who are
Committed to thy tuition and care.
As thou dost yeeld what helpe thou canst to me,
Which is none unlesse I hence removed be.

ELEGIE. XIV.

To Tetricanus.

I Send these to thee, of whom since thy name,
I Would not stand in my verse I did complaine.
In which, but that they shew I am in health,
There is not any thing can delight my selfe.
I hate my health, and it is my last prayer,
That hence I may be removed any where,
I care not whether from hence I shall sent be,
All Lands will prove better than this I see.
Let my way by Rockes, and by *Charydis* floud,
So that I may depart out of this Land.

From

De Ponto.

From *Ister* unto *Styx* Ile gladly goe,
Or if there be a place than *Styx* more low:
For weedes are not more hatefull to a field,
That lately hath beene husbanded and till'd.
The tender Swallow hateth lesse the cold
Then *Ouid*, places which the *Getes* enfold.
At these my words the *Tomitans* angry are,
My verses doe their publicke anger stirre.
Shall I still by my verse thus harmed be?
And punish't for rash ingenuity.
Cut off my fingers that I may not write?
Why in these hurtfull weapons doe I delight?
I bend my course unto thoe rockes and Seas,
Where my Barke formerly Shipwracked was.
Yet *Tomitans* I have acted no fault,
I love you though your Country I doe hate.
Let any one peruse my workes againe,
My Letters doe not of you once complaine.
I doe complaine of cold, and inroades made,
And how the Enemy doth the wals invade.
Against the place not men I doe complaine,
You also often your owne Country blame.
The Muse of an old husbandman don't sing,
How his Country *Asra* hath shunned beene,
The writer was within that Country borne,
Yet *Asra* did not her owne Poet scorne.
Who lov'd his Country more than *Ulysses* did,
Yet he the rudenesse of it doth describe.
Sextius not 'gainst places, but abuses
Of manners sharply writ, and *Rome* accuses.
Who with a patient mind did beare that wrong,
Nor was the Author amayd by his tongue.
But people by their owne interpretation
Are offended, and call my verse in question,

would

Lib. 4

Would I were happy as my brest is white,
For I have wounded none with words of spite.
If blacker than *Illyrian* pitch it could be,
I would not write gainst those were friends to me.
You *Tomitans* in pittying my misery,
Shewd that the *Gracians* soft and gentle be,
Pelignum, nor the *Sulmo* my birth-place,
Could not be more kind to my distressed case;
So that you gave more honour unto me,
Than unto others in prosperity.
I onely in your Country doe live free,
Subject unto the Lawes authority.
My Temples are crowned with a wreath of Bayes;
Given me, gainst my will by publicke praise.
Thus as the hospitable Land of *Delia*,
Was once beloved of wandring *Diana* :
Even so *Tomos* deare to me doth seeme,
Which hath so kind to me in exile beene.
If gods had granted it might peacefull be
Or further I, e, from the cold Axletree.

ELEGIE. XV.

To Sex. Pompeius.

IF any one that yet remembers me,
Doe aske how *Ovid* doth in misery.
Life to *Cesar*, to *Senatus* health I owe,
Whom next the gods I honour, let him know :
For in the troubles of my life, I have bin
At all times, much beholding unto him.

Lib. 4.

Which are as many as these weeds which grow,
 In the garden of a fertile field and show,
 Of purple colour or a ruddish dye,
 While they within the slender skinnē doe lye.
 Or as the eares of Corne in *Africa*,
 Or as the boughs that grow in *Tmolia*.
 Or as the Berries are in *Sicyon* seene,
 Or honycombs which *Hibla* forth doth bring.
 I confesse my selfe much in debt to thee,
 I speake it, you by Law neede not force me.
 Amongst your fathers riches left of late,
 You may count me as part of your estate.
 For as *Sicily* is subject to your command,
 And all that Country in which *Philip* raignd.
 And as that house neere to *Augustus* Court,
 Is yours, and all *Campania* in like sort,
 And all those other Lands which left you were
Sextus, or by thy selfe since purchaste are.
 So I am yours, so that you must confesse,
 That you in *Pontus* something doe possesse.
 And I wish you may prevailing, I may be
 Plac'd in a Country more friendly to me.
 Which since tis in the gods power, therefore try,
 If thou by suite their wrath can'st pacifie.
 For I can't tell, whether I should make thee
 My helper, or apply my suite to thee.
 I trust unto thy helpe, yet those who goe
 With the streame, to haste their course doe row.
 I am asham'd one suite alwayes to moove,
 Least it unto your mind should tedious proove.
 What shall I doe? desire doth know no end,
 Then grant a pardon to my fault kind friend,
 Oft I desir'd to write some other thing,
 And fall to writing of the same agen.

De Ponto.

My very Letters by themselves entreate,
And for my removall hence, still suite doe make.
Whether I favour find, or fates deciee
That I shall dye under the Axlettee.
I will still keepe thy love in memory,
And this Land shall know, I belong to thee.
And other Nations situate where soere,
If my Muse can passe, the *Gates* shall it heare.

ELEGIE. XVI.

To the Envious.

ENvious man why dost teare verses write
By *Ovid*, death can have no power on wit.
For after death there commeth greater fame,
And also while I liv'd I had a name.
While *Marsus* and strong lin'd *Rabirius* are
Trojan Virgill, *Pedo* shining like a starre.
And *Ca'us* that great *Iuno* might offend,
While he did *Hercules* her Sonne commend.
And *severus* that gave to *Italy*
Heroicke verse, with *Numa* full of subtilty.
And then *Montanus* whose vaine did suffice,
To write Heroickes, or else Elegies.
And by writing in both kindes didst obtaine,
Vnto thy selfe a twofold Fame, and Name.
He that makes *Vysses* write to *Penelope*,
When he had wandred ten yeares on the Sea,
And *Hesiod* that an imperfect worke writ,
Of dayes, and dy'd ere he could finish it.

De Ponto.

Largus, whose wit to him his name did yeeld,
Who brings *Aeneas* into the French field.
Or *Catmerinus* who of *Troy* doth sing,
Which *Hector* did unto destruction bring:
Or *Thyscus*, who by his *Phyllis* did gaine
Much renowne, and everlasting name.
And that Sea Poet, whose Verses such seeme,
As if the Sea gods had composed them.
He that of *Libyan* and *Romes* battailes writ,
And *Marinus* for all kind of writing fit.
He that *Perseus* actions did per forme,
And *Lupus* who writ of *Iasons* returne.
And he that *Homers Phæaciæ* did translate.
Rafus that *Pindars* vaine did imitate.
And *Tureanus* who writ high Tragedies,
Melissus, who pend merry Comedies.
Varus and *Græcus*, *Tyrans* lawes did write,
And *Proculus* in smother waies did endite:
And *Tityrus* an ancient Shepheard writ,
And shewd what weapons were for Hunters fit.
And *Fontanus* of the *Naiades* did sing,
Who by the *Satyres* have beloved beene.
And *Capella* who his words did also joyne,
And set together in unequall line.
And there are others whose names to rehearse
Would tedious be, the people hath their verse.
And young men, who since that which they did write,
Was not publisht, I cannot them recite.
Cotta, I can't passe o're thee in silence,
The Light of the Muses, the Courts defence.
The *Cotta's* and *Messalla's* give to thee,
By thy descent, a double Nobility.
And though I say't, my Muse once had a name,
And it was read amongst these men of Fame.

Ovids Consolation to Livia

Then Envy cease in exile to wound me,
Rake not my ashes abroad cruelly.
I have lost all, onely my life is left,
To make me know of what I am bereft.
Why dost delight to thrust thy sword through him?
That can't be wounded more then he hath been.



Ovids Consolation to Livia for the death of her Sonne Drusus Nero, who dyed in Germany.

THou that seem'st happy *Neroes* mother to be,
Now halfe that name is tooke away from thee.
Livia thou read'st verses made upon
Thy *Drusus* death, thou hast now but one Sonne.
Thy love is not extended to both them,
Nor ask'st when thy Sons are nam'd, which they meane?
Then who is it, to limit thy griefe dares?
Who is it can with words restraine thy teares?
Woes me, when it happens so, how easily
Can all in others griefe speake valiantly:
So I might say, light sorrowes have strooke thee,
That thou might'st stronger then thy sorrowes be.
Though Vertues young example did decease
Lately, who was both great in armes, and peace.
The *Alpes* from the foe he did take away,
And next his brother in the warres bore sway.

Ovids Consolation to Livia.

The *Suevian*, and *Sicambrian* by might
He conquered, and put Salvages to flight,
Rome, unknowne Triumphs he deserv'd of thee,
For enlarging thy imperiall dignity.
And you his Mother, of his death not knowing,
To pay your vowes to *Iupiter* were going;
And armed *Pallas*, and to give *Mars* store
Of gifts, and those gods which we ought to adore.
For your thoughts with his triumph busied were,
And for his Chariot you perhaps tooke care.
For a triumph you must keepe a Funerall,
A Tombe expects *Drusus*, no Capitoll.
To imagine him return'd thou tookst delight,
As if the Conquerour had beene in thy sight.
Thinking hee come, and the people shall see
Me gratulating of his victory.
Now I must bring my gifts, and offerings make
Vnto the gods for my deare *Drusus* sake.
I shall meete him, and rejoyce in his dignities,
And I shall kisse his necke, his lips, and eyes.
Thus hee come; thus meete me, thus kisses joyne:
Thus hee discourse; thus I shall speake to him:
Thou nourishest great joyes, but yet lay by
False hopes which flatter thee in misery.
Let thy imagination cease to relate
Happy newes to thy selfe, of *Drusus* state.
The other branch of *Cæsars* stocke is dead,
Let *Livia*, let thy haire be loosened.
What doth thy verge profit? or that thou hast
Pleas'd *Cæsar*? or liv'd all thy life time chaste?
What avails thy inviolate chastity?
Which last amongst thy praises must reckon'd be.
And soaring above vices, in despite
Of times, didst alwayes keepe thy mind upright.

And

Ovids Consolation to Livia.

And that you hurt none, though you powerfull were
To hurt, yet none of your power stood in feare,
In Campe or Court you usd no power, whereby
You might advance your house and Family.
Since that injurious Fortune, by such wayes
Doth raigne, and her uncertaine wheele so swayes,
And here her covetous cruelty doth appeare,
Who pretends that she hath right every where.
If *Livia* should alone from griefe be free,
Then Fortune could not have such soveraignety.
Did he not so behave himselfe, that he
Was never envy'd in Prosperity.
Besides *Cæsars* house which from death is free,
Ought to be above humane misery.
He was fit a sacred watchman to have beene,
In safety to have view'd the affaires of men.
Not that teares for his death should our griefe show,
That he should suffer death as vulgars doe.
For thy Sisters children, his mourning may scene,
Being publicke, as this hath for *Drusus* beene,
Agrippa and *Marcellus* by him were,
Buryed together in one Sepulcher.
So that one grave his Nephewes two receiv'd,
Agrippa scarce into the ground was laid.
And the Tombe hardly shut, but presently,
Behold his Royall Sister did forthwith dye.
Three being buryed, *Drusus* is our last losse,
Who the fourth next unto great *Cæsar* was.
You *Parce* close this Tombe, which it doth seeme,
Hath most unjustly too much opened beene.
Drusus thou now art gone, and art our losse,
And may we nere have such another crosse.
Succeeding ages, griefe from hence may borrow,
And make thy losse to be their greatest sorrow.

Ovids Consolation to Livia

Not one good man, many were lost in thee
Who hadst all vertues which in many be.
None can be fruitfuller than thy Mother thought,
Who so much good at two births to us brought.
We saw how Nero for's brothers death did keepe
A stirre, and with dishevel'd haire did weepe.
While his face did an uncomely griefe professe,
Woes me, the world was then in heavinessse.
Yet at your brothers death you present were,
He saw thee shed for him many a teare.
He did feele thy embraces when he did dye,
And on thy countenance did fixe his eye.
His blew eyes which with death did now round swim,
His eyes which now their brothers hand clold in.
But thy loving mother kist not thee at last,
Nor thy cold body was by her embrac'd:
Shee tooke no last breath when you dying were,
Nor covered thee with her dishevel'd haire,
When she was absent thou wert tooke away,
While thou abroad in the fierce warres did stay.
As in the Spring time the soft snow doth melt,
When it the warme Southwinds, and Sunne hath felt.
Her fate in losing thee she doth bemoane,
And does complaine that she hath liv'd too long.
So in the shady woods the Nightingale,
The losse of *my*s, sadly doth bewayle.
The *Halcions* doe make such complaints as these
To the deafe waves, and to the stormy Seas.
And so these birds beating with their new wing,
Their feathered brest did *Oenis* dirge sing,
So *Clymene* wept, and her sisters all,
When *Phaethon* did from his Fathers Coach fall.
Sometimes to stay, and hold backe teares she tries,
And doth force teares to stand within her eyes:

But

Ovids Consolation to Livia.

But then a sigh makes them againe forth breake,
And trickle downe her bosome and her cheek.
Her teares thus stopt doe thereby stronger grow,
As water stayd a while doth faster flow.
At length, when teares gave her leave to complaine,
She sigh'd and sobbing thus to speake began;
My sonne, whom second birth did me allow,
My Sonne, thy Mothers glory, where art thou ?
For though thou art not my second Sonne now,
Thou art thy mothers glory, where art thou ?
Alasse where art ? must funerall fire thee burne,
Are these the gifts prepar'd for thy returne ?
Didst deserve thus to thy mother to come ?
Did I deserve that thou shouldst thus come home ?
May lawfully it *Caesars* Queene say so,
Doubtfull whether there be gods or no.
What have I done ? what gods might not have beene
More kind to me, that have so honour'd them.
Is this the honor which our piety brings ?
That I may now embrace his cold dead limbs.
Which now because his soule from them is flowne
The funerall fire doth call for, as its owne.
Can I endure to see thee laid thereon ?
Or can my hands embalm thee my deare Sonne ?
Doe I now see thee in thy dignity ?
Doe I embrace thee ? or doe I kisse thee ?
Consull and Conquerour doe I see thee ?
Are these the honours thou bringst backe to me ?
And at thy funerall, first I saw them beare
Thy Royall ensignes which reversed were.
Can this day to a mother happy come,
To see the funerall honour of her Sonne.
Am I not happy ? one *Nero* I have lost,
Drusus who of's grandfathers name might boast ;

Ovids Consolation to Livia

Is he mine now ? can I his mother be ?
Was I *Drusus* mother ? and my sonne was he ?
When *Nero* is with victory come home,
Can I now aske which of them is home come ?
I am now a Mother, but unto one Sonne,
And if he were not mine, I should have none,
Woes me I tremble at that word, since I
Call nothing mine with any certainty.
For behold he once was mine, but now he
By his death to fear's brothers death makes me.
My former courage now is quite dismayd,
And I of all misfortune am afraid.
But *Nero* mayst thou live to see my death,
And close my eyes and take my dying breath.
And I doe wish that *Drusus* and his brother,
Might with their hands, close up my eyes together.
Yet *Drusus* in one Tombe, we both will lye,
In th' Tombe belonging to thy ancestrie.
My bones and ashes shall be mixt with thine,
Would fates would quickly spin out my life time.
Thus having sayd, teares on her speech attended,
And trickled downe her face when that was ended,
Besides his mother could scarce get at all
His corpes, nor *Livia* keepe his funerall,
For all the Armie did desire that he
Should in his roiall Armour buried be.
But his brother tooke his corpes from them all,
That *Drusus* might have usuall buriall.
And *Drusus* hearse through *Romane* Townes drawnes was,
Through which he as a conquerour should passe.
Through which he in triumphant manner came,
When he had conquered the *Rhetian*.
Woes me how unlike were these journies in all,
That was a Tryumph, this a Funerall.

Had

Ovids Consolation to Livia.

Had he beene vanquisht, what griefe had there beene;

When being conquerour he did thus come in?

His sad house did resound with sorrow now;

Where to hang up his armes he had made a vow.

The Citty did put on a mourning face,

May so our enemies mourne in like case.

They shut their houses, the Citty here and there,

Secretly and openly mourned in feare.

The lawes tongue ty'd and silenced did seeme,

No judge in purple in the Court was seene.

The gods were not pleased with this funerall,

Nor would accept any sacrifice at all.

The gods were hid in the Temple, those that prayd

With feare of their disfavour were dismayd :

Some pious man for his sonne making prayers,

Lifted his fearefull hands unto the starres.

And then about to pray, why doe I, saith he,

Make prayers to the gods, since none there be?

Thus having sayd, he angry did straight way

Harden his minde, and so left off to pray.

Livia could not move them with her prayer

For *Drusus* and will they of us have care?

The people flocking altogether wept,

Because they of their councill were bereft.

A generall griefe with teares did fill their eyes,

And the horsemen followed his obsequies.

Young men and old for his losse grieved be,

The Matrons and wives of all *Italy*.

And then his Image they along did bring,

Crown'd with victorious Bayes, which should have beene

Offerd up in the Temple, while young men there,

Out of affection striv'd who should it beare.

Cesar with weeping teares did prayse his Sonne,

While griefe made him breake his speech ere halfe done.

Thou

Ovids Consolation to Livia.

Thou wishedst that thy death like his might be,
If that the fates to dye would suffer thee.
But heaven is unto thy deserts most due,
And *Joves* great Court shall gladly receive you.
What would he have? to please you he desir'd,
And by his death to fame he hath aspir'd.
The *Cohorts* on his hearse attended all,
Both horsemen, and footemen at's funerall.
And with acclamations they cald on thy name,
While opposd hills sent backe their voyce againe.
Old *Tibers* yellow streame being afeard,
Out of the River lifted up his head.
His blew haire whch was full of Mosse and reed.
Then with his great hand he did stroke aside.
And Rivers of teares he sent from his eyes,
Which his channell to receive could not suffice.
For he resolv'd the funerall flame to quench,
And take the untoucht body away from thences;
He staide his waters, and did stop their course,
To wash away the fire with greater force.
But *Mars* from the next Temple did begin,
With teares in following manner to speake to him.
Rivers may be wrath, *Tyber* wrath command,
Not thou nor any one can fate withstand;
My Souldier, in the warre he perished,
Mongst swords the Captaine for his Country dy'd,
I gave what I could, victory he did gaine,
The Conqueror's gone, but victory doth remaine.
I doubt with *Clorhos* and the Sisters two,
Who the severe threds of mans life forth drew,
That *Remus* and his brother who builded *Rome*,
The power of death by any way might shunne.
Take what I can grant, said one of the three,
As thou desirest both of them shall be.

Ovids Consolation to Livia.

To thee and *Venus* the *Cæsars* translated,
In Martiall *Rome* shall gods be consecrated.
Thus sung the goddesses, *Tiber* it vaine,
Doe not then strive to quench the funerall flame,
Hinder not honours to the young Prince done,
But let thy streame most gently glide along.
He obeyes, and forward rouleth himselfe on,
Hidden under his bankes of Pumice stone.
The flame was loath to touch his sacred head,
And slowly round about the hearse did spread.
But when the wood had fed it, it did rise
And straightway mount up to the starry skies.
As that fire on the Mount *Oeta* had done,
When *Hercules* was laid and burnt thereon.
Alasse his beauty, and his generous forme,
And mild. aspected face the fire did burne.
His hands and Princely figure were burnt thereby,
And noble brest full of ingenuity.
The hopes of many were burn'd in those flames,
While funerall fire his mothers joy contains.
Yet his deedes live, and glory by paines wonne,
This remaines, this the funerall fire doth shunne,
All ages shall read him in History,
He shall the subject of wit and verse be.
His Titles shall in pleading places be read,
That *Drusus* dy'd for us it shall be said.
But *Germany* no pardon rests for thee,
Thou shalt with death hereafter punished be.
I shall behold thy Kings by the necke chain'd,
And their fierce hands within hard bands contain'd.
Them looking with sad countenances I shall see,
While teares fast downe their cheekes unwillingly,
Those Spirits that of *Drusus* death prov'd woe,
Shall be delivered to the Executioner.

And

Ovids Consolation to Livia

And I with joy shall then behold and see,
How their naked bodies spread in the ways be,
Let *Aurora* with her purple stedes soone bring
This day, when such great Triumphs may be seene;
And honours to the *Ledeans* brothers done,
And Temples which may then be seene at *Rome*.
How soone hath he perform'd his Princely part?
And dy'd old to his Country by desert.
Drusus no gifts given unto thee shall see,
Nor titles which o're Temple gates write be.
Oft *Nero* shall in teares his speech thus smother,
Goe I to the brothers Temple that hath no brother?
Drusus thou wouldst not returne till thou were
Victorious, and so thou wert a Conquerour.
We lost our Consull, and Captaine, and now all
The Cittie mournes, for thee in generall.
Thy souldiers faces full of sorrow be,
To *Drusus* haplesse, but full of loyalty,
Of which some lifting up their hands towards thee,
Have sayd, why goest without our company?
Of *Drusus* worthy wife, what can I say?
Fit to be *Drusus* mothers daughter in law.
An equall paire he valiantest of men,
And the with like affection loving him.
Thou wert a Princesse, he did thee esteeme
No lesse than if thou hadst great *Ioves* wife beene.
Thou wert his loyall Spouse, his first and last,
Thou wert his comfort after labours past.
He lay dying for thy absence did complaine,
And the last word that he spoke was thy name.
He comes not as he promis'd, when he went,
Nor returnes in such sort as he was sent:
Nor can discourse to thee, how he overcame
The *Sicambrian* and the stout *Suevian*.

Orvids Consolation to Livia.

Nor of Rivers, and great Mountaines, and which there be;
Nor wonders he in the new world did see.
His dead corps were brought backe to thee and layd
Vpon a funerall hearse was for him made.
Why dost thou rave like one were mad, and teare
With thy hands thy amazed face and haire?
Like *Andromache* when her husbands cold coarse
Being drag'd about, did fright the fearefull horse.
And in this sort *Evadne* her grieve tooke,
When that stout *Capaneus* was thunder strooke.
Why dost with death? embrace thy sonnes which be,
The pledges of great *Drusus* love to thee?
Why dost let false dreames sometimes thee deceive?
While *Drusus* in thy armes thou dost beleve.
And with thy hand, in hope that he is there,
About the empty bed feelest every where?
For he, if we beleve report, shall be
Buried among his noble Ancestrie.
To the glory of his house from whence he came,
His statue shall on his Chariot be drawne.
In his royall robes of state, and his head
With Bayes triumphant shall be compassed;
Theyle receive him, since from *Germanicus* he
Received in the warres much dignitie.
And rejoyce when they heare *Germanicus* name,
Which he by conquering *Germany* did gaine.
Yet will they scarce beleve he should obtaine,
In so few yeares such a large ample fame.
From these things he such honour shall receive,
That you his mother ought the lesse to grieve.
Such women in the golden age have beene,
You to your sonnes and *Cesar* honour bring.
Behave thy selfe in such sort as may be seeme,
Drusus and *Nero's* Mother, *Cesar's* Queene.

People

Ovids Consolation to Livia.

People and Rulers severall things become,
Set acts to royall persons belong.
Fortune advanc'd thee to high dignity,
Then *Livia* beare thy sorrowes patiently.
We marke, and harken, and observe thy deedes,
Each word is mark'd that from a Prince proceeds.
Preserve your height: and above grieve advance,
Keepe an unconquer'd mind what ere doe chance.
For can we ever better learne from thee,
These vertues which in thee exemplary be?
Then if thou by thy actions dost set forth,
The *Idea* of a Romane Princess worth.
For we must each one dye in generall,
The greedy Ferry man expects us all,
So that his one boat scarcely doth suffice,
To carry over such thronging companies.
Hither we come, we hasten to this end,
Death maketh all things unto his lawes bend,
Death that doth heaven, earth, and Sea assaile,
Doth prophesie, the threefold worke shall fall.
Then since all things to dissolution come,
Why shouldst thou for thy losse make such great mone?
He was a hopefull Prince while that he liv'd,
And from a Royall stocke he was deriv'd.
But he was mortall, nor besides could he
That still maintained warres be from dangers free.
For life is given unto us most free,
Given to use, without paying usury:
Nor on condition that we must repay
It on a certaine, but uncertaine day.
Fortune at pleasure doth our time dispende,
And both young men and old she taketh hence.
For through the world she abroad doth thunder,
By force crushing what she will bring under.

And

Ovids Consolation to Livia.

And being blind her selfe, she in her pride
In Chariot drawne with blind horses doth ride.
Yet take heed least complaints her wrath excite,
Doe not provoke a goddesse of such might,
For shee that so unkind to thee doth seeme,
Hath oftentimes more favourable beene.
For you are nobly borne, and you have beene,
Enrich'd with two Sonnes, and are great *loves* Queene.
And *Cesar* still victorious did come home,
And in his warres doth prosperously goe on.
And both the *Neroes* were their mothers joy,
They beate their enemies and did them destroy.
This *Rhene* and *Alpine* vales can testifie:
The River *Itargus* which blood did dye.
And *Danubius*, *Dacius*, *Apulus* which nigh
Pontus, in the farthest part of the world doe lye.
Armenians put to flight, *Dalmatians* conquered,
Pannonicus on the high mountaines scattered.
And *Germany* to *Romes* subjection brought,
Behold her merit's greater than her fault.
Besides thy Sonne was absent, nor would she,
To view the death of thy Sonne suffer thee.
And that griefe to thy mind might gently flow,
Thou by relation didst of thy losse know.
Besides thy feare, thy sorrowes did prevent,
Because that he such dangers underwent,
That when of perils thou didst onely heare,
They put thy mind into a mazed feare.
Griefe did not suddenly on thy heart ceaze.
But when that feare had softend it by degrees.
Jupiter gave signes did his death betoken,
When Temples three were by his thunder stroken,
Juno, *Minervas*, whom nought can affright,
And *Cesars* were thunder stooke in the night.

Ovids Consolation to Livia.

The starres out of the heavens fled they say,
And *Lucifer* forooke his wonted way.
Lucifer through the world appeared to none,
Nor morning starre did breake of day forerun.
The setting of this starre betokend than,
The following death of some great Noble man.
But may thy other Sonne live till he be
Old, that he may afford comfort to thee.
May he live those yeares were due to his brother,
Till Mother and Sonne both grow old together.
The gods I hope will make amends to thee,
After *D'usus* death to send prosperity.
Yet thou darst humour thy griefes which are great,
And cherishest an abstinence from meate
And for some few houres thou wert even dead,
Although great *Cæsars* selfe thee comforted:
Though he besought thee, and did often chide,
And powerfull hot waters to thee applyd.
Nor did thy Sonnes entreaties lesse care shew.
To save his mothers life, as he ought to doe.
To thy Husband and Sonne, we beholding are,
Because that *Livia* lives still by their care.
Suppress thy teares, they cannot him recover,
Whom *Charon*s fatal boate hath carried over.
Though *Hectors* brothers, sisters, wife and father,
And some *Astyanax* wayld his death together.
And his old mother, they could not fetch him backe,
No ghost can be row'd o're the *Strygian* lake.
The truth hereof is in *Achillis* found,
Whose bones lye buried in the *Trojan* ground.
For whom *Panope* unloosd her blew haire,
Enlarging her streame did shed many a teare.
With hundred goddesses, and the old father,
Oceanus with his old wife together.

And

Ovids Consolation to Livia.

And chiefly *Thetis*, yet all could not be,
So powerfull to make gods change their decree.
Why doe I repeate ancient matters here?
Octavia for *Marcellus* shed many a teare.
And *Cesar* wept, for both of them being dead,
And many teares before the people shed.
But deaths severe doome is irrevocable,
No hand to lengthen threds of life is able,
Should he come from *Avernian* shores to thee,
He would speake in this manner valiantly.
Why dost count my yeares? since that I did live,
To greater age than yeares to me did give?
For since brave actions doe make an old man,
I would have my age reckoned by them.
They did fill up my age, not yeares, and I
With a long florishfull age to my enemy.
The *Neroes* being my royall Ancestry,
In *Punicke* warres slaine might admonish thee.
And my being one of *Cesars* progeny,
Might shew you mother what my death should be.
Yet my dissent, desert encreased not,
But honours which I by my selfe have got.
For thus the Titles which I got read be,
“Consull, and Conquerour of *Germany*.
My Statue doth declare, and shew the praise
Of Conquests, decked with *Apolloes* Bayes.
And I was sensible of my Funerall,
Of the concourse of my friends, and names were read
Of all the Nations I had conquered.
And how the young men most officious were,
While they my hearse most solemnely did beare.
And lastly sacred *Cesar* praised me,
And my death drew teares from his Majesty.

Ovids Consolation to Livia

Then why should any pittie me ? teares keepe
This I entreat, for whom thou now dost weepe.
Druſus gholt in the ſhades below thinkes thus,
And of ſo great a man beleewe no leſſe.
Thou haſt one Sonne, who ſtead of many may be,
And may thy eldeſt Sonne long live with thee.
Thou haſt a husband, and while he doth live.
It doth diſgrace thee *Livia* thus to grieve.

FINIS.

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